

Nihil Obstat

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Imprimi Potest :

✠ EDUARDUS J. BYRNE,
Archiep. Dublinen.

PASSIONIST

SEPTEMBER



ALMANAC

1937

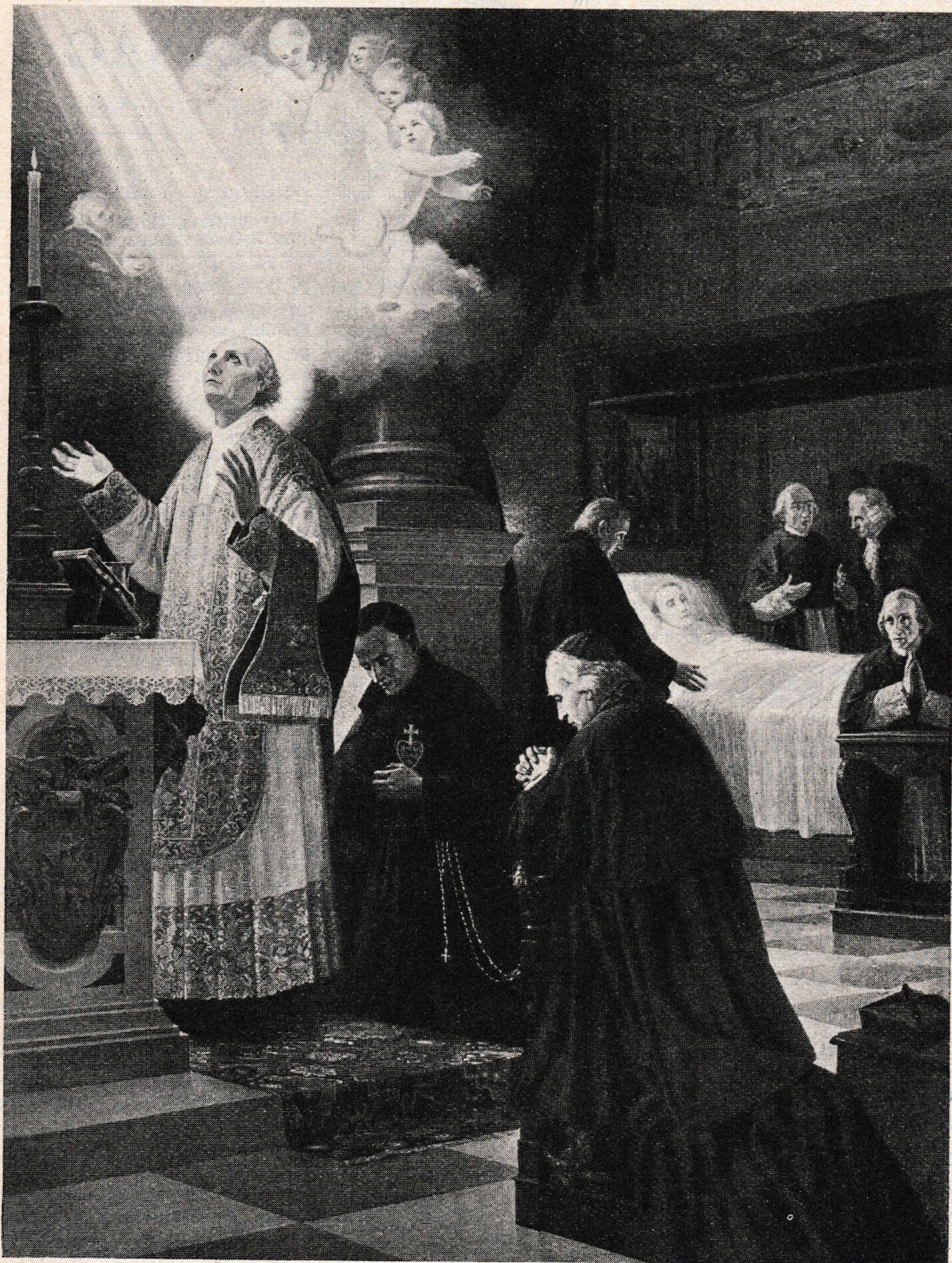
DATE	FEAST	ANNIVERSARIES OF DECEASED PASSIONISTS
1 Wed.	St. Aegidius, Abbot.	Rev. Fr. Michael (Drysdale), C.P.—1886.
2 Thurs.	St. Stephen of Hungary, C.	{ Bro. Giles (Reynolds), C.P.—1899.
3 Fri.	Feria.	{ Rev. Fr. Cuthbert (Hooker), C.P.—1917.
4 Sat.	Commemoration of Our Blessed Lady.	Rev. Fr. Alfred (Rees), C.P.—1902.
5 SUN.	✠16th SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.	Conf. Edward (Smith), C.P.—1863.
6 Mon.	Feria.	{ Rev. Fr. Xavier (Kelly), C.P.—1875.
7 Tues.	Feria.	{ Rev. Fr. Vincent (Grotti), C.P.—1883.
8 Wed.	NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.	{ Bro. Alphonsus (Zeegers), C.P.—1892.
9 Thurs.	St. Gorgonius, M.	{ Rev. Fr. Anselm (Lomax), C.P.—1898.
10 Fri.	St. Nicholas of Tolentino, C.	{ Rev. Fr. Charles (Jerger), C.P.—1927.
11 Sat.	Commemoration of Our Lady.	
12 SUN.	✠17th SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.	
13 Mon.	Feria.	
14 Tues.	THE EXALTATION OF THE HOLY CROSS.	
15 Wed.	THE SEVEN DOLOURS OF OUR BLESSED LADY. F.A.	Rev. Fr. Alphonsus (Coen), C.P.—1917.
16 Thurs.	SS. Cornelius and Cyprian, MM.	Rev. Fr. Salvian (Nardocci), C.P.—1896.
17 Fri.	The Stigmata of St. Francis. F.A.	
18 Sat.	St. Joseph of Cupertino, C. F.	
19 SUN.	✠18th SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.	
20 Mon.	St. Eustace and Companions, MM.	
21 Tues.	St. MATTHEW, Ap. and Evangelist.	
22 Wed.	St. Thomas of Villanova, B.C.	
23 Thurs.	St. Linus, P.M.	Rev. Fr. Conleth (Caldwell), C.P.—1911.
24 Fri.	Our Lady of Ransom.	Bro. Norbert (McFadden), C.P.—1923.
25 Sat.	BLESSED VINCENT STRAMBI, B.C.	
26 SUN.	✠19th SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.	
27 Mon.	SS. Cosmas and Damian, MM.	
28 Tues.	St. Wenceslaus, M.	
29 Wed.	St. MICHAEL, ARCHANGEL.	Rev. Fr. Sebastian (Keens), C.P.—1891.
30 Thurs.	St. Jerome, C.D.	Rev. Fr. Philip (Coghlan), C.P.—1920.

Abbreviations : F.A.—Fast with Abstinence. P.—Pope. M.—Martyr. B.—Bishop. C.—Confessor.
D.—Doctor.

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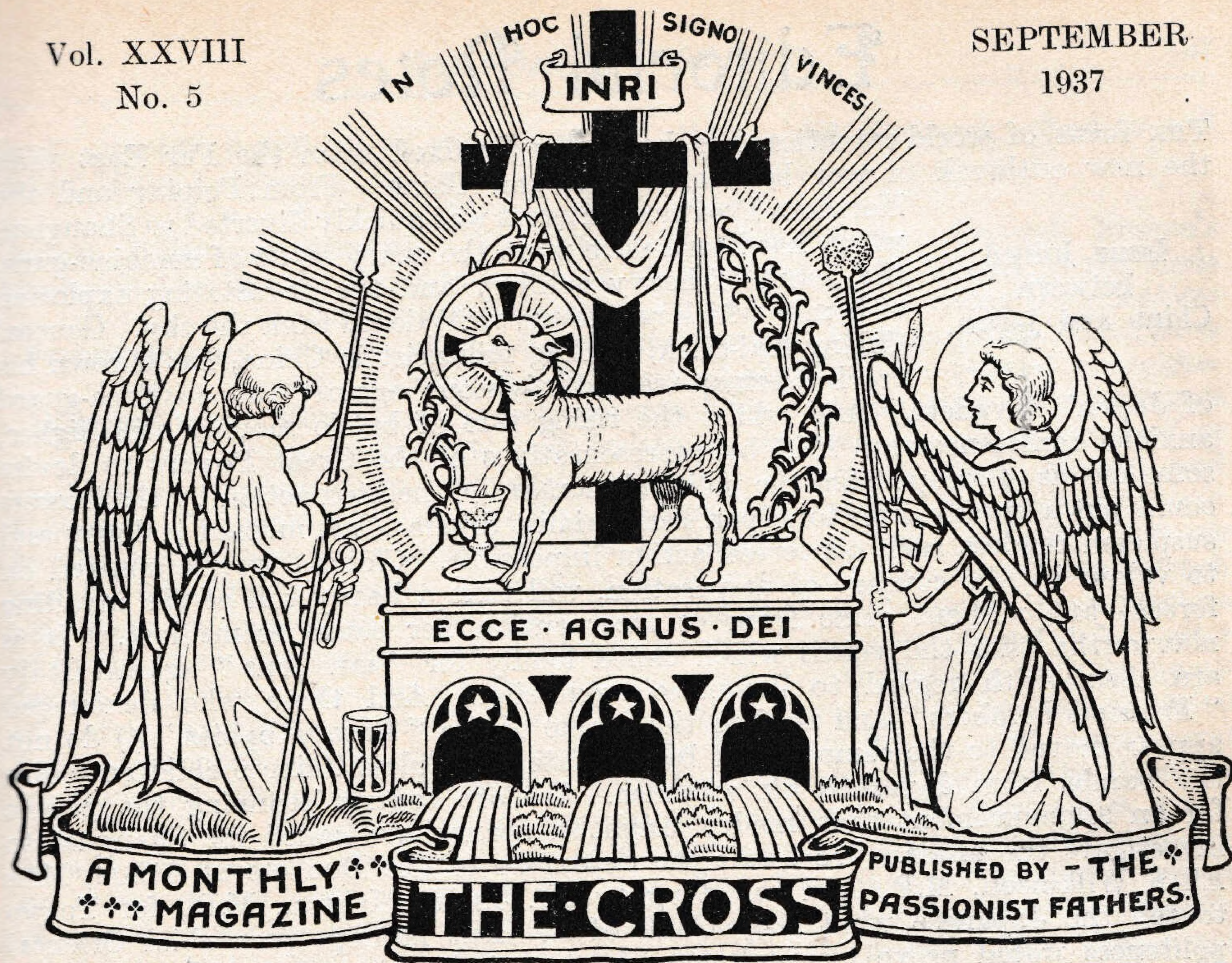
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(See "The Bishop's Sacrifice," on page 208).



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An ounce of practical assistance more than outweighs a ton of theoretical good wishes—so this month we are going to point out just a few practical ways in which you can assist our work. We have abundant proof that *THE CROSS* is securely established in the good-will of thousands of readers ; and just a little practical help from you personally will enable us to secure a still higher circulation, and will bring the message of *THE CROSS* to thousands of homes where it is as yet unknown.

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J. Edmund, C.P.

Editorial Notes

THE focus of world-attention has been sharply fixed upon the Far East since the new outbreak of war between Japan and China. From Peiping and the Northern Provinces interest was quickly diverted to Shanghai, which has heard once more the sharp rattle of machine-guns, the boom of heavy artillery and the devastating explosion of bombs which rain down swift death from the sky. General Chiang-Kai-Shek, leading militarist in China, has thrown his crack German-trained divisions against the advance-guard of Japan's invaders. And whilst the rising tide of battle mounts still higher, anxious conferences are held by representatives of the Great Powers to devise some means of escape from the political morass. Concerted action by the Powers could put a speedy stop to Japan's imperialist dreams, but mutual jealousy and suspicion renders such concerted action impossible. Chinese troops, spurred on to valour by the courage of desperation, will take a heavy toll of the invading forces—but without some form of intervention her cause seems lost. It is noteworthy that the voices which called loudly for "sanctions" against Italy are silent with regard to Japanese aggression. And those who denounced "Franco's bombers" and sped to the rescue of the "Basque babies" (!) do not appear moved to the same extent by the fate of helpless Chinese children under the bombs from Japanese air armadas. We are eagerly scanning the papers for an announcement that sundry Anglican deans have sailed for Shanghai to investigate the affair. We await the departure of the Duchess of Atholl, Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., and the doughty Mr. James Maxton, M.P., for Tokyo to tell the Japanese what they think of it. But perhaps proverbial Oriental politeness would prove unequal to such a strain!

* * * * *

BLOODSHED is not an essential element to persecution; and since this element alone is lacking, the Catholic Church in Germany may be said with truth to be in the throes of persecution. It is very difficult for people in these countries to realise the effect of this ceaseless and ever-increasing pressure brought to bear upon the faithful. The German authorities have not minced their words in laying down the programme which they seek to enforce. "I cannot tolerate that the German people's authority should be menaced from *any* quarter: *and that holds good above all for the Churches!*" So spake Herr Hitler at a Labour Day demonstration, when he proceeded to elaborate his plan: "We proceed logically and almost brutally. For we shall take away their children to train and educate them as *new* Germans from the age of ten until they are eighteen. They shall not escape us: they must join the Party, the S.A., the S.S., or other formations or else go into our factories and offices." As a specimen of what the young are taught in the Hitler Youth Movement, here is the declaration of Baldur von Schirach at Frankfort: "I confess openly that I am neither Catholic nor Protestant. My sole religion is Germany!" Here surely is the apotheosis of the State in the ultimate degree. The Catholic Hierarchy, as spokesmen for the faithful have protested again and again at the visible fruits of this sowing of hatred against Christianity—and especially against the Catholic Church. They have adduced concrete examples to support their plea: crucifixes destroyed at Freiburg and Rottenburg; attempts on the life of Cardinal Faulhaber; demolition of a Corpus Christi altar at Eichstätt and the desecration of a new church at Wandletzee. Where will be the end of this neo-pagan cult which is sweeping the country like a plague? The Pope has issued solemn warning to Germany: "If, through no fault of ours, Peace is not to come—then the Church of God will maintain her rights and liberty in the name of the Almighty, whose arm, even to-day is not shortened!" Napoleon laughed at

such a threat, but lived to see it realised. So too did Bismarck. And so will Adolf Hitler !

* * * * *

AFTER Bilbao—Santander ! The vigorous offensive by General Franco's troops on the Basque Front is sweeping all before it. The retreat of the Reds and their allies threatens to become a rout under the relentless pressure of the Nationalist forces. If propaganda could have won the war, the Reds would already have proved victorious. **Franco pursues his Winning Way.** But Franco's men are too busy consolidating their advances to waste time and breath in denying the paper-victories so vociferously broadcast in specious "official" statements from Madrid and Valencia. The plain fact remains that not one single victory has been registered by the Red armies after more than twelve months of war. In spite of every tactical advantage, in spite of lavish help in men and munitions from French and Russian sources, in spite of the fact that they held nearly three-quarters of Spain at the commencement of hostilities, the Reds have suffered defeat after defeat. In every engagement the initiative rested with Franco, and the spoils of victory have gone to him. A very interesting survey of the Spanish situation has been contributed to the *Observer* by Mr. F. Yeats-Brown. We recommend his studiously impartial summary and praiseworthy recital of facts to the attention of our readers. Regarding the proportion of foreigners in the Nationalist Army, he was told that out of some 700,000 men under arms, about 30,000 are foreigners, or about 4 per cent. Against this the Red International Brigade, mostly recruited across the French frontier, amounts to 75,000 fighting men. M. Helsey, of the *Journal*, a well-informed journalist, states that already 15,000 Frenchmen have fallen in the Communist cause in Spain. The conclusion reached by Mr. F. Yeats-Brown is worthy of study by some of those arm-chair critics who seek to instruct the plain people of Ireland on the rights and wrongs of the Spanish War. "I do not think that any sane person who saw what I saw could doubt that Franco's movement is rooted deeply in the hearts of the people."

* * * * *

WE direct our readers' special attention to the Joint Pastoral of the Spanish Hierarchy dealing with the Civil War. Signed by two Cardinals, six Archbishops and thirty-five Bishops, the Pastoral gives a straightforward account of the facts which led to the outbreak of the Civil War. Five years of persistent provocation against Spanish subjects in the religious and moral order had exposed the very existence of public welfare to gravest danger, and thus—to quote the Pastoral: "as all legal means had been exhausted, the national conscience felt that to save order and peace, the only recourse left open was to force; that powers, *alien to the authority assumed to be legitimate*, decided to upset the established order and forcibly to implant Communism." Moreover, the Bishops are careful to point out that "the movement did not start until its leaders had previously warned the public authorities that they had to adopt whatever legal means they could to oppose the impending Marxist revolution—and their warning remained unanswered." Dealing with some of the many accusations levied against the Church in Spain, the Joint Pastoral opposes to them the inexorable logic of facts. It was said that the people were severed from the clergy, because the latter were mainly recruited from the upper classes. See the facts. In 1935, the total number of seminarists was 7,401. Of these six belonged to the nobility, 115 to the wealthier classes, and 7,208 to the poor or humble classes. An official English translation of the Pastoral will shortly be available. Get it; read it; study it; circulate it—and use it to spread a knowledge of the truth. It is a duty which you owe to the Church and to civilisation.

In the Old Church

JOHN GIBBONS

Cardinals and Chantry Priests,
Births, Marriages and Deaths,
old Wills, Benefit of Clergy,
Peculiar Courts—about all these
things John Gibbons has some-
thing to say. You will enjoy this
excursion into the byeways of
history :: :: :: ::

CAN the readers of an Irish Catholic magazine be reasonably expected to take any friendly interest in an article on the English Protestant Church? The answer is that they can be enormously interested—providing they remember that the “Church of England” was once the Catholic Church and that its conditions would very largely (though not entirely) apply also to the ancient Catholic Church in Ireland.

What made me think of it was a “Talk” I gave on the London B.B.C., and though the subject sounded as dry as dust, quite a number of people seemed interested, and wrote in to say so. You wouldn’t suppose, would you, that old Wills could be interesting! But they can; I know, because I spent years of my life reading the things. Old Wills, I mean, and before the days of London’s modern Somerset House you’d have to hunt for your Wills in the different Diocesan Registries. Pre-Reformation Bishops very largely ran the law-courts for their Sees; they would have ecclesiastical lawyers who were called “proctors,” and Wills would be proved in their Diocesan Courts. This system lasted in England long after the “Reformation,” and it was not abolished until the 1800’s, when the State took the thing over and started registration at Somerset House. Even to-day if you want to find a Will proved in the 1700’s or earlier, you’ll have to go and look for it in one of the old Bishops’ Probate Courts.

It was just the same with what we now call “Births, Marriages, and Deaths,” only they used to be “Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials,” and before 1838 you’ve got to hunt them up not in Somerset House but in the Parish Registers. Every parish was its own Court of Registry for that particular purpose, and while nowadays we Catholics usually speak of the “parson” with a distinctly Protestant meaning, the original “parson” was just the parish priest, the “*persona*” or principal person of his parish. You will probably find his old registers of Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials in excellent order; but even if in the centuries they have got burned or lost you have still another chance of finding the entry you want. There are the Bishop’s Transcripts. By an English Act of Parliament inspired in pre-Reformation days by the Catholic Cardinal Wolsey, every parish priest had to make a copy of his Register and send it in once a year to be filed in the Bishop’s Courts. Lack of knowledge of this fact once led to an odd trial in modern-day England. Here was a professional genealogist searching for an enthusiast’s pedigree and taking so many hundreds a year out of his wealthy client. Then he couldn’t find any more, and his income looked like slumping badly; whereupon it occurred to him to fake a page of an ancient parish register. He knew all about old ink and old parchment, and how to make it look all right; he faked exactly the baptismal entry that was wanted, and the client was pleased. For a time. Then it came that somebody compared the faked register with the Bishop’s Transcript, and of course the fraud came out. The client looked a fool, and the over-clever one went to prison.

My Lord the Bishop of ancient times had of course an enormous secular power. We have seen how he ran his own Courts of Registry, but besides this he was automatically a Peer, a “Lord Spiritual,” and he sat in the English House of

Lords. If you look round modern London, you can still see traces of the thing; Winchester House would be on the site of the ancient London Palace of the Bishops of Winchester, and Ely Place would be for the Bishops of Ely, and so forth. With medieval roads and a journey that might take weeks from the provinces, the Bishop to attend parliament would have to have a London house. Quite often, too, the medieval Bishop would have some high secular post in the Government, and so he might be the equivalent of a modern Lord of the Admiralty, or he might be Chancellor of the Exchequer. He might even be a "Prince Bishop," and so for instance let's look at Durham. Well, it was too near Scotland to be healthy; you'd want an army there to protect England from Scottish raids. If you gave command to one of the great secular barons there was a nasty risk of his turning into a minor king and challenging the throne. You therefore made Durham what was called a "Palatinate," really a little kingdom of its own, and you made the Bishop of Durham a "Prince-Bishop" with powers to raise an army to keep the Scots away. And of course there were the Archbishops with very jealously-guarded powers and privileges. The Archbishop of Canterbury still styles himself "Primate of All England," while the Archbishop of York is only "Primate of England." It sounds very absurd and illogical, of course, but if you look at your own modern-day Catholic Ireland you'll find exactly the same thing for the Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin. Then possibly another oddity of medieval England was that the old Archbishopric of York claimed jurisdiction over the indignant Scots. Against that, the present-day English Isle of Man once belonged to secular Scotland, and at the same time fell ecclesiastically under the Diocese of Drontheim in Norway! It was originally conquered by the Norsemen, you see. And once the Channel Islands came under the French Bishop of Coutances. It would not, of course, seem quite as odd then; this was the Catholic Church in England, not the State Established "Church of England." So you might find English or Irish Bishops all over the Continent, and foreign Bishops in England or Ireland. It would be best, naturally, to have an Englishman in England or an Irishman in Ireland, but it couldn't always be done, and anyway they all owed allegiance to Rome. Even our Canterbury Cathedral was built with stone shipped from Caen in French Normandy. It was all part and parcel of the Catholic Church.

Now let us glance at the finances of the thing, and that too gave some oddities to our system and even to our ecclesiastical titles. Let us take the very simplest sort of parish with one priest. He was the Rector, the Ruler, and he lived by taking the rectorial tithes. But sometimes that country parish church might belong to a monastery, say an Abbey or a Priory; it might be a long way off, and with medieval roads it would be impossible for the monks to serve that church every week. The Abbot would then appoint a special priest to do that work, and he would be the Vicar, serving the church "vicariously" or in place of the monks. The rectorial tithes would go to the Abbey as the nominal "rector," and the Vicar would have to live on minor tithes or on some stipend paid him by the Abbey. It all worked out perfectly simply and logically just so long as the Church was Catholic.

But with the "Reformation" came chaos. The Abbeys in England disappeared, and their properties went to the King's courtiers or to his favourites or to any rich merchant who chose to bid for them in the hope of a profit. With the properties went the rectorial tithes, and so you got the "lay rector," some nobleman or merchant whose sole interest in the parish was in his tithes. So an English Protestant Church may have a clergyman who is a Rector, or it may only have a Vicar, the "rector" in the latter case being a layman. Another curious scandal came with the "advowson" or *advocatio*, the right of appointing the clergyman. It would originally belong to the Abbey, which would naturally appoint its own parish priest. But when the Abbey properties fell into lay hands,

then it was a layman who had the right of "presentation," and so a Church of England "living" may belong to a London stockbroker. He may be a decent enough practising Protestant, but he may equally be an atheist or a Jew with the right to "present" a Protestant clergyman to a Church of England parish.

Quite often this "presentation" would go with landed property, and so you got the Squire naturally enough presenting his brother or cousin to the "family living"; and that accounts very largely for the frequent poverty of a Church of England clergyman. His vicarage may be a huge house, the sort of place that wants eight servants to work it. That vicarage would be built in the old days when the parson would be the Squire's brother; he was a wealthy man, he hunted, and his parish would mean very little to him. Why shouldn't he have a big house? But the unfortunate present-day clergyman may be a very poor man, and how is he going to keep up that house?

Then in the centuries the chaos of the "Reformation" has led to some startling inequalities of parish incomes. Let us consider the case of an English country rectory. There has never been an Abbey; the Rector had and has all that there is in the way of church living. Now in the middle ages somebody died and willed that church the income from so many fields of his; it'd be only a few pounds a year from grazing land, and in return the dead man, please, would ask for Prayers for his Soul. There comes along the "Reformation" and Purgatory is "abolished"! We needn't worry about the prayers, but we may as well keep the income from that bit of land. Then in the next century or two, something happens to that land; we're no longer grazing cows on it, but instead we have built on it an important suburb of, say, Liverpool. That land now isn't worth any shillings a year, but thousands of pounds; and it'll go to that quiet country Rectory. I myself have known an English hamlet with a total population of possibly two hundred people; perhaps twenty of them ever went to church at all. But the elderly Rector, a bachelor scholar, enjoyed a "living" of some thousands a year. And then in the next village there'd be a married Vicar with a lot of children, and he'd be living in a few rooms of a vast vicarage far too big to be kept up, and he and his family would be very nearly starving in a genteel way.

You've got, too, the odd question of the Curate, and that's another curious word. In practice he started in England as the Vicar's "vicar," a clergyman put in "curation" or charge of a parish where the real Vicar was non-resident; and of course in the worst days of the "Church of England" the squire's-brother type of clergyman would quite often live somewhere else, take his income, and pay out perhaps a quarter of it to some poorer clergyman to do the services. This was the original "Curate." But then in France the word has just reversed its meaning. *Monsieur le Curé* is the Parish Priest, while his *vicair*e is what we call the "curate."

You should remember, too, that the words "cleric" and "clerk" are really the same. The priest was probably the only man who could read and write: he was a "Clerk in Orders." We've still got traces of the thing with some of the Catholic Orders, and so we have "Clerks Regular." Then in the old sense of the word there was the occasional "Criminous Clerk," the priest who somehow went wrong. And the medieval Church insisted on trying and if necessary punishing its own members itself; the "Criminous Clerk" could be tried only by the Church and not by a secular court. So you got the expression of "Pleading Benefit of Clergy"; the accused person insisted that he was In Orders and was entitled to an ecclesiastical trial. That again has a curious repercussion even in modern-day England, where we occasionally read in the papers of a rare trial before the "Court of Arches." It was a medieval ecclesiastical court held literally in an arched crypt, and that court still keeps its title for the rare trial of some Protestant Church of England clergyman who has somehow disgraced

himself. And that again gives us another oddity. The Church of England As By Law Established gives its parish clergy, Rectors or Vicars, an absolute security of tenure. Once "presented" to his living and "instituted" into it, he cannot be got rid of until practical death; he may neglect his parish, he may even lead a suspectedly scandalous life, but unless he is actually taken into a secular court of law such as a police-court he cannot be deprived of his "living." It's in such a case that we read of that Court of Arches.

We began this story by talking about Wills and Probate Courts. But you mightn't find your ancient Will so very easily. It mightn't be in the ordinary Diocesan Court; it might have been proved in a "Peculiar Court." What's a "Peculiar"? Well, we mentioned the Bishop of Ely's Palace in London, and if you go to-day to Ely Place just off Holborn you're on its site. Now at the entrance to Ely Place you'll see a watch-box, and at night there's a watchman; that's a little territory of its own. The two or three public-houses round Ely Place count technically not as part of London at all but as part of Ely in Cambridgeshire seventy miles away, and they are still technically licensed by Cambridgeshire magistrates. Those would be medieval inns for the benefit of the servants of the Bishop of Ely, and the little district made up a "Peculiar Jurisdiction." That sort of "Peculiar" would have the right of probate of the wills of anyone dying in it, and there were plenty of them.

Now look at an English Cathedral City, one of the old cathedrals that would once be Catholic; you'll still see the skeleton of the old system. That'll be a very wonderful cathedral indeed, and if you look at it carefully you'll probably notice that it isn't straight. Those medieval cathedrals were absolute masses of symbolism; they stood for the Body of Our Lord, and as the Saviour's Head leaned slightly on the Cross, so the cathedral choir will be slightly out of the straight line. Then our cathedral will have a dean and a precentor and a chancellor; the precentor was originally to lead the choir, but in present-day Protestant England he is probably an elderly and distinguished scholar with a totally unangelic voice. There will be so many cathedral canons, and most English cathedrals will have a canonry for the "Canon in Residence." Canons must live, and so they'll mostly be country rectors of well-endowed parishes in the cathedral county. They'll take it in turns to do cathedral duty, and for perhaps three months of the year the clergyman will leave his parish to a curate and will come up to the cathedral and occupy the official Canonry. It's usually a very ugly big house, and it is probably the despair of the Canon's wife.

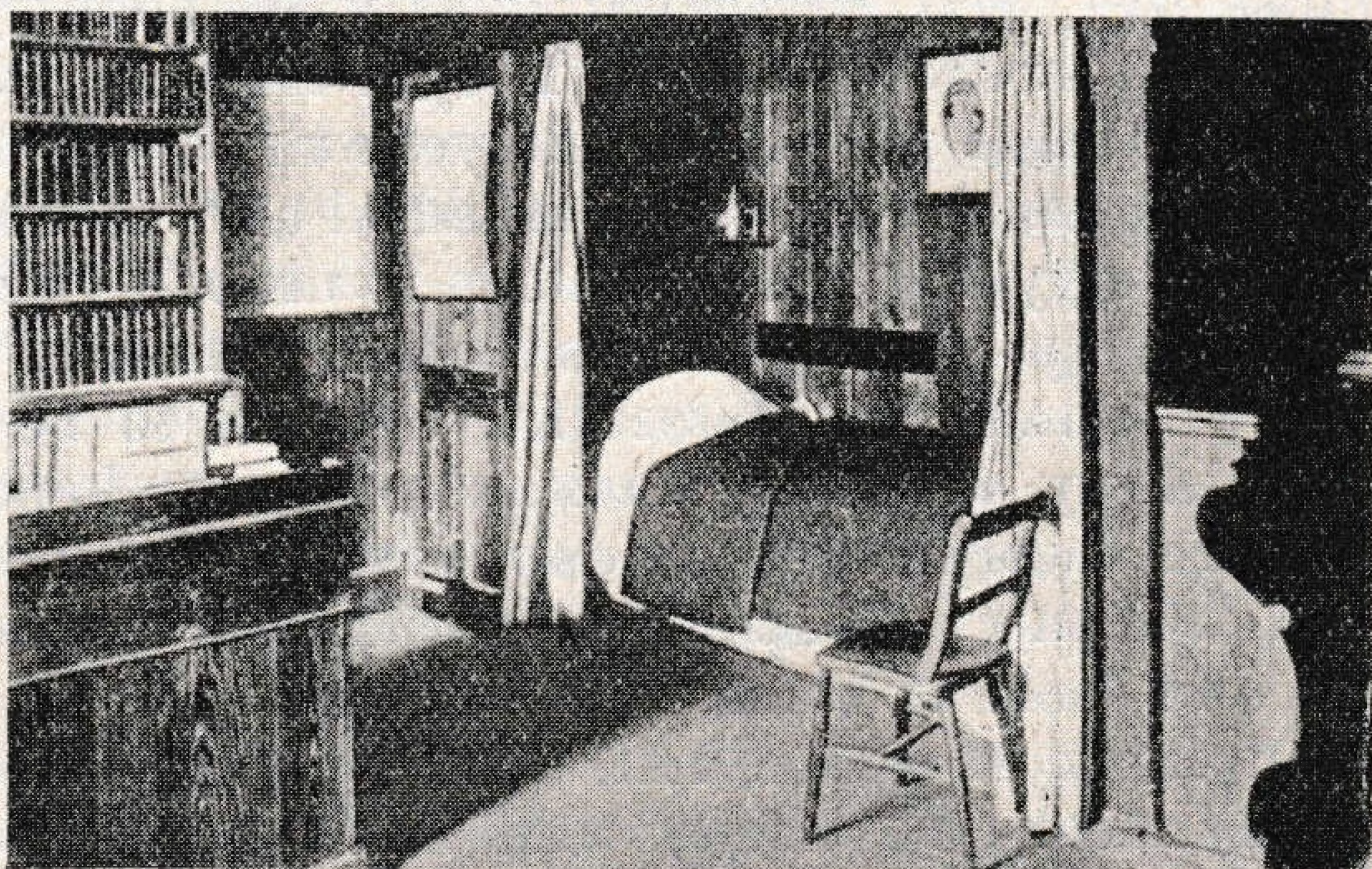
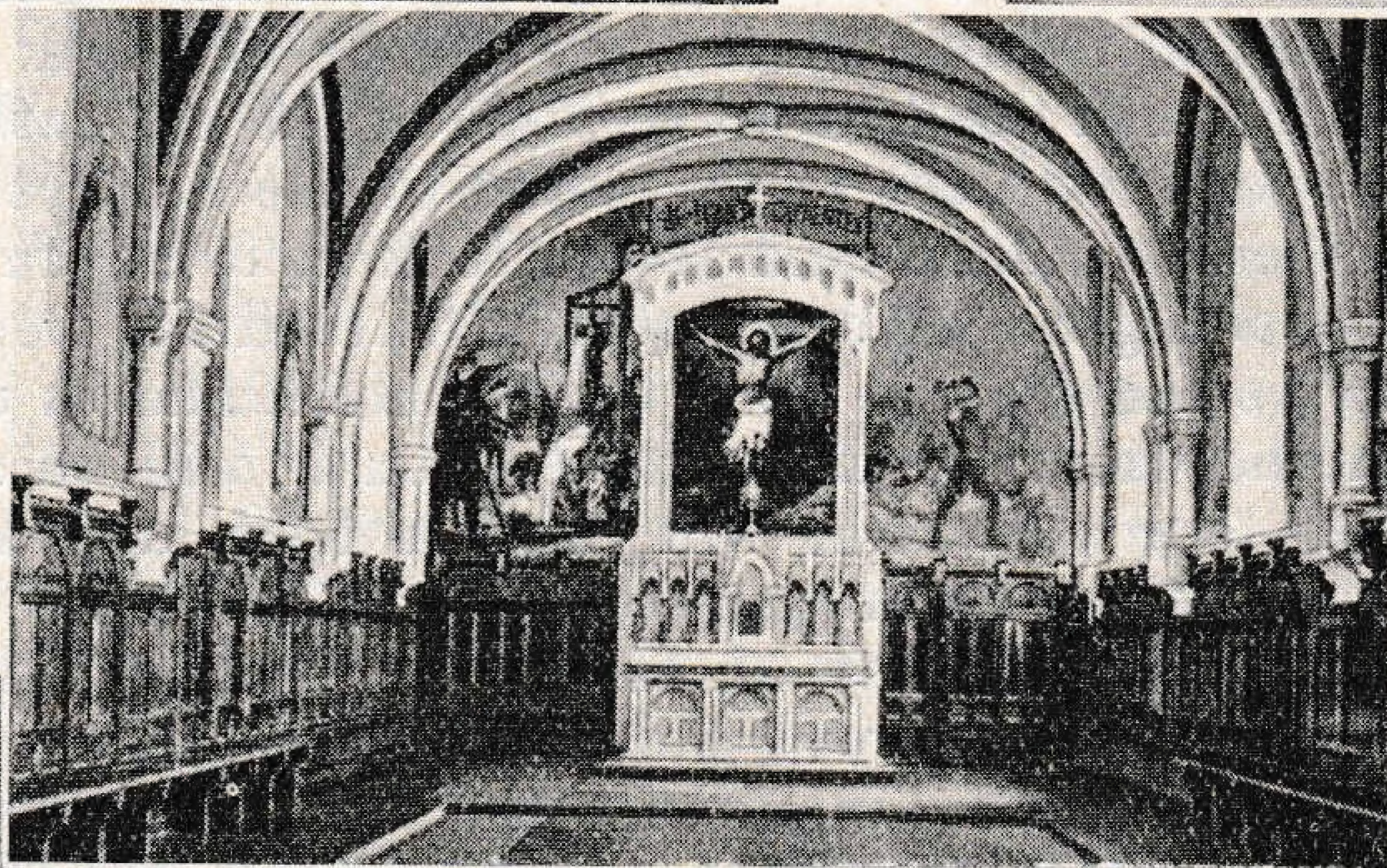
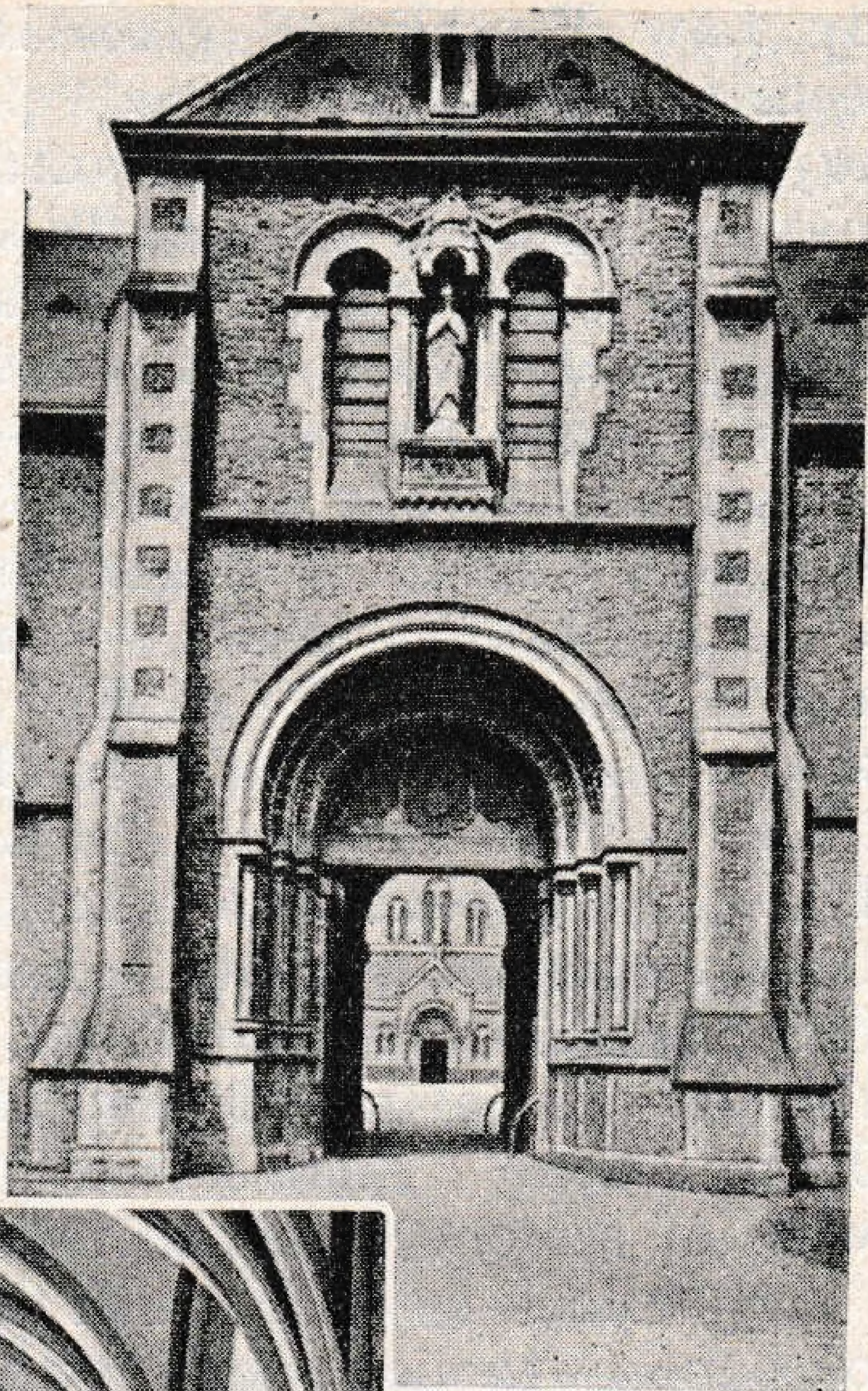
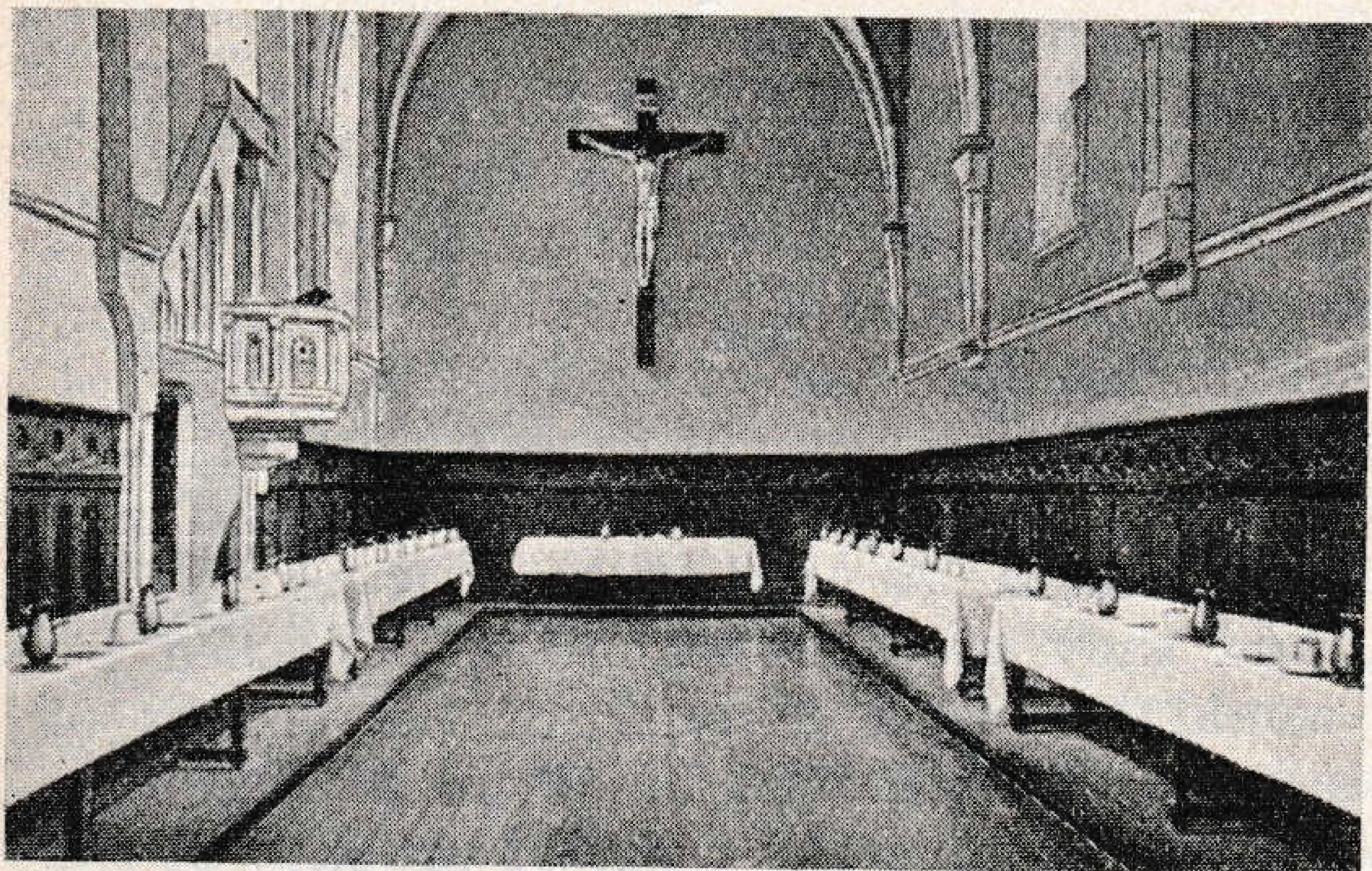
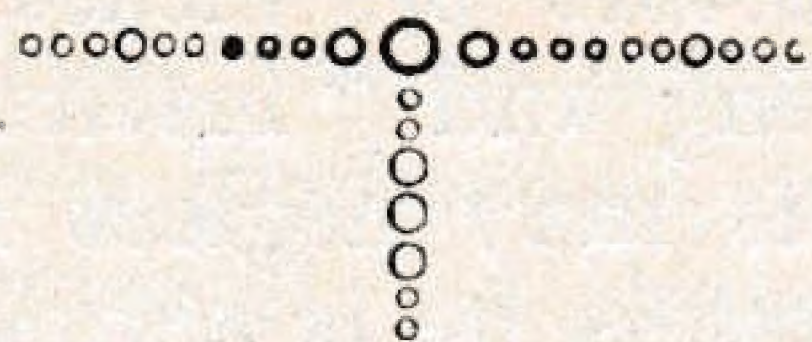
Chantry Priests, there's a story in them. Somebody in the middle ages leaves a few pounds for Masses for his soul to be sung by a Chantry Priest. We've done away with the Masses, but we've kept the incomes all right. As a rule, they're incorporated to-day with other incomes; but occasionally you'll find the "Chantry Chapels." In ruins, of course, and Americans visiting England go and look at them and find them very cute and quaint. Cardinals, again! You think of a Cardinal, don't you, as a Cardinal Archbishop? But the word really means a "hinge," and there used to be "cardinals" who were really only chief priests in various important local churches. We in conservative England kept the word long after it had ceased to mean anything particular at all, and so we've had plenty of "cardinals" of the Protestant St. Paul's in London! Vicars-Choral, Prebendaries, I think I know a story in them all. I have lived, you see, in an English Cathedral City, and it was a perfect skeleton of Medieval Catholicism—with of course the Catholic part left entirely out, and so the whole lot being just a picturesque but rather stupid jumble.

But it all has its interest, hasn't it? And your Ireland in ancient times would run on very much the same principles. Your two Protestant Cathedrals in Dublin, for instance, would once be Catholic Cathedrals on just about the lines that I have been trying to write of.

The moral of it all? Well, aren't you rather glad that you're a Catholic country?

St. Hugh's Charterhouse

Sussex, England



Scenes within the Charterhouse

Upper right: **The Entrance.** Lower left: **The Cloister.**

Centre: **The Refectory; The Fathers' Chapterhouse A Cell.**

A Visit ~

to the

Carthusians

.....

BERT WATTS

Within the atmosphere of this almost unearthly alternation of prayer and praise, time seems wholly forgotten. Through the deep silence of the night rises the pathetic and everlasting "cry of the children of men to their Father in Heaven."

IN 1892, the late Algar Thorold, convert son of the famous Anglican Bishop, recorded some impressions of six months spent at La Grande Chartreuse in southern France. These impressions have been reprinted in a recent number of the *Dublin Review*, and reading them on my return from what is now perhaps the largest occupied Carthusian house in the whole world, I found that my impressions, gathered in a less number of days, corresponded very largely with those gathered by Thorold after six months.

On a hot summer afternoon, after a long walk through Sussex lanes and across fields, I arrived at the Charterhouse of St. Hugh, situated fairly high on the rolling South Downs, not far from the south coast of England.

A very old lay-brother led me silently to a distant part of the monastery, to a large mansion joined to the monastery by a long cloister, and within the enclosure. The stillness and the loneliness of the vast conventual buildings seemed intensified by the peace of this lovely summer afternoon. After a brief visit to the great monastic church, I was shown to my room in the guests' quarters by a most jolly younger lay-brother who chaffingly asked if I had come to "join up." Here I was given a tiny lantern, a list of rules and a time-table. Before supper I was honoured by a visit from the Prior, who talked with me for some time, explaining the peculiar characteristics of the Carthusian life, the combination of the solitary and the community ideas. I was deeply impressed by his humility and simplicity of speech in discussing the beauty and great glory of the contemplative life.

The Carthusian day of activity begins at midnight. The sonorous tolling of the bell from the great church begins a quarter of an hour before midnight, and there is barely sufficient time to reach the gallery over the nave before *matins* is begun. The cloisters are nearly three-quarters of a mile in extent, and I was glad of the tiny lantern, though the Prior with great consideration was waiting to take me along for the Office.

The monks had just turned from the lonely chill cloisters into the choir, the lay-brothers followed silently, each with a tiny shaded lantern which was immediately extinguished in church.

I find some considerable difficulty in expressing all I felt away, alone, in the gallery at the back of the dark nave. The monks have now all entered and stand white and motionless in their stalls. The darkness is only just broken by the faint yellow light from the distant sanctuary lamp. The Fathers are beyond the Rood screen, unseen by me, the lay-brothers are below on either side of the nave. There is a slight movement as the Prior gives a sign for the opening of the Office, and through the deep silence of the night rises the pathetic everlasting "cry of the children of men to their Father in heaven":

"*Deus in adiutorium meum intende,*" and out of the deepness comes the slowly-intoned response:

"*Domine ad adjuvandum me festina.*"

For nearly two hours the slow chant is maintained, unaccompanied by organ, and the whole dead monotony only relieved by light at the antiphons—the greater part of the Office being sung in the darkness—and the lowly movement

of adoration at each *Gloria*. The austere beauty of the Gregorian chant was emphasised by lack of any accompaniment and by the Carthusian peculiarity of slowness like restrained weeping. The Statutes describe the intention of this: "Since the business of a true monk is far more to weep than to sing, let us use our voices in such a way as to arouse in the soul that deep joy which comes from tears, rather than the emotions produced by a harmonious blending of notes. To this end we will, by God's grace, suppress those methods of producing sensa-

tions, which when not sinful are always worthless."

The maxim "*Religio Cartusianorum nunquam reformata, quia nunquam deformata*"* is brought home forcibly in the Carthusian Liturgy which has been preserved entire and without modification since the eleventh century. "The Carthusian Rite" says Guigo, in the prologue to his customs, "is to a large extent the monastic rite '*cum caeteris monachis multum, maxime in psalmodia regulari, concordet*'"; "and the remainder," adds Le Masson, a former General of the Order, "has been largely borrowed from the Lyons liturgy, the Mass corresponding almost exactly to the ancient Missal of Grenoble. Indeed, I found some trace even of Eastern influence, perhaps a remnant of the influence of Irenaeus. The Rood screen of this particular church, though perhaps not common to the rest of the Order, is not unlike the iconostasis of the Orthodox Church, with its painted devotional pictures."

Within the atmosphere of this almost unearthly



ST. BRUNO,
Founder of the Carthusians.

alternation of prayer and praise, time seems almost wholly forgotten. The Office ended all too soon at two o'clock and the monks returned silently to their cells. I made my way back through the long dark cloisters and returned to bed, but not for long, for I was called at five o'clock to attend the private Mass of the Prior, celebrated in a tiny bare chapel off the cloisters.

During the morning the Prior was most generous with his time in showing me over the whole of the monastery and in explaining much of the carefully arranged round of work, meditation and communal prayer.

* "The Carthusian Order has never been reformed because it has never become relaxed."

A cell, lately vacated, was first visited. A cell is really a four-roomed cottage—a hermitage self-contained—with a little garden for work and recreation, quite separate from the rest of the monastery. Downstairs, upon entering from the cloister, is a short corridor where the monk may walk for recreation when the weather does not permit access to the garden. The ground-floor apartment is divided into two by a wall pierced by an open archway. One part is a wood store where the monk converts logs into firewood for his tiny stove; the other part contains a lathe and carpenter's bench with sufficient tools for simple work in wood. At the top of the stairs before entering the cell proper is an uncoloured and quite simple figure of Our Lady—a fitting approach, surely, to the shrine of silence, death, and eternity. Lanspergius, a Carthusian prior of mediaeval days, well known to students of Christian mysticism as a claimant to the authorship of the *Imitation of Christ*, introduced into his own monastery the custom of saying a "Hail Mary" before the statue of Our Lady each time the cell was about to be entered. The upper room where the monk passes most of the day in prayer and study is very plainly furnished, but the little library was good, and I thought in passing that here at least there would be many years' work for me. There is a tiny oratory where the monk recites the Little Hours on ferial days and where the Office of Our Lady is said every day.

Many precious relics are kept within the monastery, including a large piece of the Cross, the body of S. Boniface, and the small white stole of S. Hugh, the great bishop of Lincoln, who was also a Carthusian and brought the Order to England in the time of Henry II.

In the great library of over seventeen thousand volumes I noticed the works of the Abbé Migne whose magnificent contribution to Christian scholarship—his *Patrologia Latinae* running, I think, to one hundred and twenty volumes alone—seems almost forgotten by the Catholics of this generation.

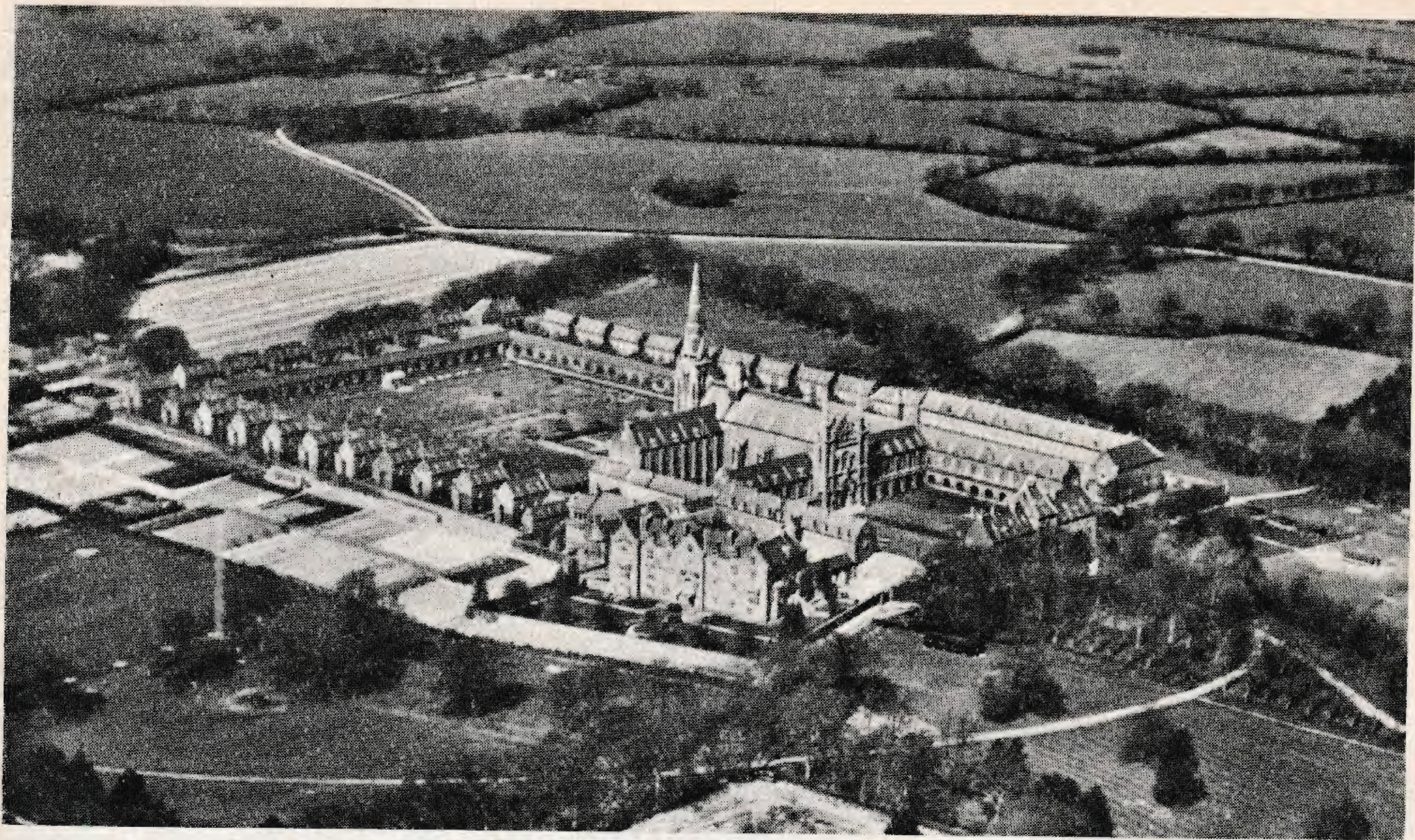
In the tiny monastic cemetery the Prior spoke sadly of Spain and of his Carthusian brothers there, who were amongst the first to witness for the Faith by martyrdom. "If we were in Spain" he said, looking over the quiet green plot, "this would not nearly suffice for the burying of our brothers."

The great church, where the night Offices are always sung in common, has a very simple and austere loveliness. The walls are of white cut stone, entirely undecorated; there are no statues if we except the Rood figures, and there are no carpets even before the altars. All this severe dignity is in keeping with the unchanging spirit of the Carthusians.

The simple and silent routine of the monastery was interrupted on my second day by the *spatiamentum*, a weekly walk taken by the Fathers by way of common recreation. During this walk of about ten miles into the country around the monastery the monks are free to talk upon any subject.

To summarise all the impressions gathered in this week so remote from the world would indeed be difficult. One great thing was however solved for me—the answer to the modern critic of the religious life. I knew that there were several objections to the utility of the Carthusian life in particular, and indeed I had often found it difficult to answer the non-Catholic critic of monasticism in general. Such complete absorption in the things of God as is involved in the contemplative life, they say, could be understood in the ages of Faith, when, out of a society almost wholly Christian, religious vocations were profuse. In the vast monastic family of those days, contemplatives had their chosen place in the front rank; but to-day things are changed, and contemplation seems but another word for selfishness. It is the day of the "active apostolate."

That it is the day of the active apostolate is quite true. In the present fight for the preservation of the Faith there is room for every man, and he who holds aloof is but a deserter. The confusion arises, however, through a misunderstanding of the essential nature of activity. Does it consist in bustle and noise,



Photo]

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ST. HUGH'S CHARTERHOUSE.
Partridge Green, Horsham, Sussex.

in feverish movement to start and keep going all sorts of propaganda? Many, judging by outward appearances, seem to think it does; but the Saints have said otherwise. The marvellous force of activity increases in a being in proportion with the perfection and simplicity of its nature; so that it increases by leaps and bounds as we pass from animal to man, from man to angel, and from angel to God Himself. Grounding his argument on that of Aristotle, S. Thomas Aquinas thus shows the greater excellence of the contemplative over the active life, both in its origin and in its object, as well as being more meritorious and more fruitful in results. "If we let our faith reply, the answer is even more decisive. For, indeed, God Himself is the unchangeable and eternal contemplative; but is He not at the same time 'pure activity' as well, always acting '*ad intra*'—within Himself—even supposing creation not to have taken place?" "Again, on earth where do we find the most intense activity but in the tabernacle upon our altars? Yet where is there less appearance of activity? Our Lord Divine seems to be sunk in a death-like slumber. Nevertheless, what is certain is, that the world draws its life from the divine Contemplative of our altars, the world both material and spiritual. The day when the last tabernacle shall have disappeared will be the day of doom when the world shall fall asunder."

"The world is crucified to me and I to the world" cried S. Paul, and the Carthusian re-echoes across the long ages with the same quiet confidence the Apostle's boast. For day after day passes and no change comes for the son of St. Bruno who watches for the Dayspring alone—"a sparrow on the housetop." "To-day is followed by to-morrow, the precise fellow of to-day, and the variations in his life afforded by the change of season, the Church's calendar, or cloistral rule, recur so regularly as to be absorbed in the one cold passionless stream of unchanging monastic routine which carries him on to that great harbour by which all the days of his journeyings shall at length be swallowed up—that day bright with the Everlasting Light where there shall be no more time." (Thorold).

Out of Darkness

THOMAS KELLY

Out of the darkness came a stranger to visit Fr. Malone. But to the priest he was no stranger, but one who in his dire need had found a friend both willing and able to help :: :: :: ::

THE old housekeeper was taking the supper tray from the dining-room when she heard the gentle knock. Putting the tray on the hall table she went with a frown to open the door. Another sick-call for the poor man, she thought. Just like them to wait till this hour, and it pelting rain, too.

But her sullen thoughts vanished when she saw the rather distinguished-looking old gentleman who stood holding his dripping umbrella on the doorstep. He was a stranger to the town. His smile was disarming as he asked if Father Malone were in.

"Well, he is, then," admitted the housekeeper, with just a hint of hesitation. "You're not wanting him out, I suppose?"

"Oh, dear no. Certainly not on a night like this."

He had drawn off his gloves and was feeling for his card-case in an inner pocket. "I know it's rather late, but if you give my card to Father Malone, and say I wish to see him specially, I think he'll spare me a few minutes."

"All right. Step inside, won't you?"

She brought the card to the grey-haired priest, and stood watching his face as he recognised the name. A look of surprise gave way to a frown that lingered.

Stephen Derrigan, author of many and much-debated books, was anxious to see him. Many, many years ago they went to school together. But they had travelled very different roads since they parted on that July day in the refectory of the diocesan college.

The priest hurried into the hall where the gas-light was turned low.

"Stephen Derrigan!" he said, unbelievably.

"Father Ned Malone?" the visitor asked, as if in doubt.

The two grey-haired men shook hands warmly.

"Oh, it's good to see you again. I've often heard of you, Father Ned. Apologies for my belated call. You're sure I'm not intruding?"

"Not at all, not at all. Put your coat there. Your umbrella will dry better in the kitchen."

The housekeeper took the dripping umbrella and retreated to the comfort of the big fire in the range. She was not sure that she approved of the visitor. He had no right to come so late, especially if he hadn't met "himself" for so long. That meant he'd keep the poor man up late, talking about old times. And what with seven o'clock Mass in the morning at the convent, and all the sick calls he had to pay, and a funeral at one. . . . With a jerk she opened the sodden gamp.

The diningroom door closed. Father Malone drew his second armchair before the bright turf fire, brought a rarely-opened box of cigars from the sideboard. He was quite unaware of his housekeeper's disapproval of his visitor. But he was puzzled at the reason for the unexpected call himself. Stephen Derrigan, the apostate! How often had he lamented Stephen's fall. He had been such a promising boy in the old days.

"Care for some supper, Stephen? There's only cold"

"No, no, thanks, Father Ned. I didn't invade you to eat at this hour. I

had dinner on the train, just dumped my bag in the hotel, then came along hoping I'd find you in."

He cut the end from the cigar, and lighted it slowly. Then he asked, with a dawning grin: "You're wondering, Father Ned, why I called?"

"Well, in one sense, yes," the priest nodded, sensing that the reason was an unusual one. "Though it's so long since we met, and we've been going such different ways. . . ."

"Yes!"

The interjection came in a soft tone, almost a whisper. The priest eyed his visitor keenly. That wasn't the voice of the man who had set himself against the authority of the Church, of the controversialist who had answered the denunciation of a bishop with a sneer.

"I've a lot to make up for, Father Ned. And I want your advice as to the best way to start. I've been looking forward for days to a chat with you."

"Days?" Father Malone's eyebrows went up in a sort of humorous reproof.

"I know what you mean. I should have come to you for advice years—decades—ago. Let me see, how many years since we left?"

"Forty-two since I left. You stayed a year longer, because I was a couple of years older than you, and you were only a year behind me all through Clogherfree."

"Oh, Father Ned, the pride of the boy who's a bit brighter than his fellows! That was my downfall. I thought I was clever, because I could answer back. But I was only shallow, and so a fit target for the specious arguments of unbelief. And it's taken me almost a lifetime to find it out. I took to you at school, because you were so dependable. Opposites, I suppose. And you've gone on, preaching charity and truth. While I've been teaching—what?"

Father Malone nodded in silence. Better let his visitor do the talking for a start. He had always been sorry for the friend of his schooldays. Such promise wasted in the dry channels of sterile argument. Such ability frittered away in controversy that—even when it seemed to score—could bring nothing save a debating win that touched truth not at all. Such energy expended in trying to leave a scratch on the Rock that defied Time in its wait for Eternity!

The thoughtful silence was broken by Stephen Derrigan: "So you're not even going to rebuke me, Father Ned? You're not going to remind me of my mis-spent energy?"

"You may think I've seen a very small corner of the world, Stephen, but I've seen enough to keep me from casting even the last stone."

Again a thoughtful silence fell between the two. The visitor stirred himself, flicked the ash from his cigar, then sat up tensely and announced: "Well, that's a lot I want to tell you, Father Ned, so I'd better start. And I'll start by quoting the little experience that had the result of sending me to you. I came to you because I hoped you'd still have that tolerant understanding I remembered from Clogherfree days. So you'll have to start me on the straight road. . . ."

"And never a happier task." Father Malone's quick little smile touched the friend of his schooldays.

"A week ago," Derrigan resumed, "I was on a holiday in a quiet corner of England. I was staying in a little hotel, and each day I went for a long tramp. One afternoon I walked along a wooded valley till I came to a shed where a joiner was busily at work. Getting into talk with him I discovered he was of a line of craftsmen. His ancestors for generations had been woodworkers, makers of fine furniture that was a joy in the making as well as the using. Their only machinery was a set of modest tools, worn and polished with use, but capable of lovely work in the deft hands of a succession of owners."

"The joy of creation was in that old man's eyes as the swish of polished steel made his life's music. He was planing a smooth slab of oak, destined, he

told me, to make the top of a substantial sideboard. Lovingly he traced the grain of the wood, caressed the shiny surface as the fingers of a master might caress the keys of his instrument.

" 'You might call that a bit of wood, maister,' he said to me. 'Nothing grown to beat it. Its grain is perfect, and it bain't little more than pandering to fashion to coat it with a skin of varnish.'

"I stayed a couple of hours listening to that old man. He came down the valley with me, pointing out the trees that were nearly ready for cutting and piling at the end of the barn, where enough timber lay seasoning already to last more than his lifetime. But he was getting a stock ready for his son, to be used in perhaps ten years' time.

"We stood by a clearing where the young saplings had been planted to replace the mature trees felled the previous year. 'A wunnerful thing is a tree,' maister,' he said softly, like a mother praising her child. 'First it's but a tiny bud, pushing its way upwards. Then it grows into a sapling, that hoards the sweet dews of night, the fresh rain that falls in its ordained time, the sunshine of the golden days. Then it gives shelter to man and beast, from heat and storm as well as a home to the birds. In spring it shows a wealth of colour, to make glad the eye of man, and with autumn its flowers give way to a harvest of fruit. In winter it stands between us and the storm, tempering the wind to the shorn lamb, you might say. That's why we plants 'em about our houses. But there comes a gale that it bain't able to weather. The last gale of all, if the woodman has left it to stand beyond its time. So, down it falls. . . .

" 'Ay, maister, storm or woodman's axe, it goes down at the end. But, for the sound wood, that end is only the beginning. Give it a chance to season, and it's ready for the real start. That's what you saw in my workshop, that smells sweet and clean from the seasoned timber that's ready to start its real usefulness. Lopped of branches, cleared of the bark that's served its purpose of protection, and there is timber ready to begin the use for which it was designed when that little bud began to grow into a tree.'

"The old craftsman paused when he said that, then turned to me and asked : 'Did you, in all your travels, maister, ever see anything more like a man's life than the life of a tree? When you think it's finished, it's only ready for its real start. All up to that point was only a preparation.'

"I don't suppose, Father Ned, that I was at the time thinking particularly of anything except that the old man who questioned me was an unusual type of Englishman, but my remark to him was : 'Are you a Catholic, may I ask?'

"He shook his head as he answered—it struck me that there was regret in the sideways movement of his grey hairs : 'That I'm not, maister. But you are.'

"Believe me, Father Ned, I couldn't have answered anything but 'Yes' to that assertion. Only on my way back alone to the hotel did it strike me forcibly what my admission meant. The light shone for me, when all was dark before. . . . Whatever years are left now I must use in making amends for what has gone. That's why I've come to you, Father Ned. You'll have to start me on the new road. . . ."

An hour later the opening of the diningroom door roused the priest's house-keeper from her doze before the kitchen fire. She grimaced as she looked at the clock on the mantelpiece, then closed the now dry umbrella and brought it to Stephen Derrigan. Her thoughts ran : "I knew you'd keep the poor man up late. A queer hour you chose for your chat about old times. . . ."

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Three Roman Churches

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Three famous Roman churches are entrusted to the Dominican Fathers. Their history makes an interesting and attractive chapter in the annals of the Eternal City.
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PERHAPS no religious Order, not even the Benedictines with St. Paul's-outside-the-Walls, can rejoice in more interesting and attractive churches in Rome than the Friars Preachers; three of them, Santa Sabina, San Clemente and Santa Maria-sopra-Minerva are among the most remarkable churches of the City and consequently of the world.

The first church of the Order in Rome was San Sisto, originally built by Constantine in honour of the last meeting between St. Sixtus and St. Lawrence. It was designed by Innocent III to be the home of a number of nuns scattered about Rome, under the direction of the Gilbertine Canons (a purely English Order, founded by St. Gilbert of Sempringham, which died at the Reformation), but as the canons were remiss in taking over their duties, Honorius III lent it and the adjoining monastery to St. Dominic in 1218, and at the end of the following year confirmed it as a gift "in the hope that he and his brethren would bring to famished souls fruits new and old, guarded by the husband for the Wife, according to the Scriptures." Within a year the community numbered a hundred.

It was while living at S. Sisto that St. Dominic performed three miracles of raising the dead to life, namely, a workman who had fallen from the walls, the procurator, brother James de Melle, and the little son of the widow Tuta. It was here, too, that Bl. Reginald of Orleans was clothed with that habit of which the scapular in place of the rochet had been revealed to him by Our Lady. But S. Sisto was also the scene of perhaps the best known of Dominican wonders, when at the prayer of the holy Founder the community was fed by angels, who came into the refectory and served the brethren with bread, beginning at the lowest place. This is commemorated not only by the response *Panis oblatus caelitus* after the 5th lesson at Matins in the saint's office, but also daily in the refectory where the newest postulant is served first, and so in ascending order.

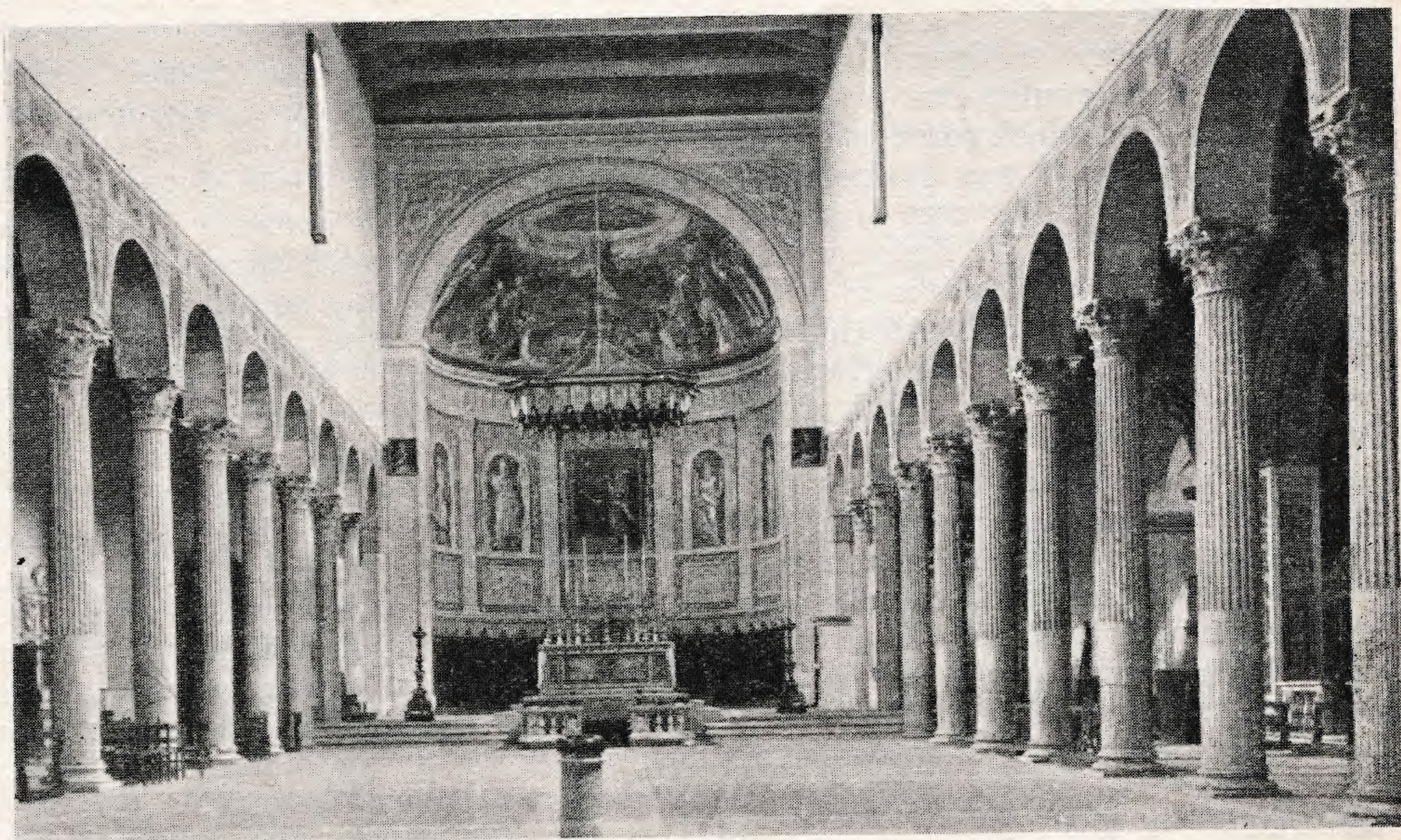
The peopling of S. Sisto by Dominicans left the stray nuns of Rome still in their independence, so the Sovereign Pontiff invited the friars to adjourn to Santa Sabina, and in 1220, after many difficulties, the nuns were gathered together at S. Sisto, under the direction of St. Dominic. Their enclosure took place on Ash Wednesday when, as if to place his seal on the work, God permitted St. Dominic to work another miracle when he raised to life the young Napoleon, nephew of Stephen of Ceccano.

Neither in the church nor convent of S. Sisto, S. Sisto the Old, as it is called, is there to-day much of interest or beauty. It was necessary to rebuild in the 18th century, and beyond the lower part of the chapter house, whose vault was painted by Fr. Besson, little remains from St. Dominic's day.

Santa Sabina, on the Aventine Hill, was definitely given to the order in 1222 after the founder had become the first Master (*i.e.*, theologian) of the Sacred Palace. The church was first built in the 5th century, on the site of the house of Sabina, a widow who was martyred about A.D. 127, and much of its material came from the neighbouring temple of Juno Regina. It was abominably altered in 1587, but during the last few years it has been restored to something of its early simplicity and beauty by Fr. Berthier and Sr. Munoz; the baroque baldacchino was taken away, the windows in the nave and apse opened out, and a *schola cantorum* (see below), incorporating fragments of the one destroyed

by Sixtus V, reconstructed. The church has been properly described as "thrilling"; it has the nobility and sobriety of the early basilicas, the austere beauty of the great ones of the Order, of St. Dominic, Jordan of Saxony, Humbert de Romans, John of Vercelli, Albert the Great, Benedict XI, Innocent V, Pius V, Hugh of St. Cher, Raymund of Penafort, Aquinas, Lacordaire, Hyacinth Cormier, and so many others.

Santa Sabina is particularly full of memories of St. Dominic; three places in the church are marked as favourite places of his prayer and in a little garden adjoining is an orange tree of his planting. "The religion of my father Dominic" cried St. Catherine, "is so broad, so joyous, so sweet; it is a garden of delight." In the monastery (seized by the civil power in 1874) is his cell, luxuriously fitted up as a chapel and sadly incongruous; and in its dormitory, unhappily transformed, he saw the vision of the Preachers sheltered beneath Our Lady's mantle. The chapter-house, badly mauled in the 17th century, saw the clothing of SS. Hyacinth and Ceslas, of Henry the Moravian, and Hermann the Teuton, and in



DOMINICAN CHURCH OF S. SABINA, ROME.
General View of the Interior.

the refectory first arose the custom of dividing the upper table in the middle below the crucifix, so that no one should sit in the founder's place.

The other two chief Dominican churches, San Clemente and the Minerva, have no personal associations with St. Dominic. Until 1873, the priory adjoining the last-named was the residence of the Master-General and the seat of the Collegio Angelico, the international college of the Order, which for 300 years has been one of the intellectual centres of the world; its famous library, founded by the gifts of Cardinal Casanata and Giambattista Castellani, was put under secular control by the Italian government in 1884.

The church of Santa Maria-sopra-Minerva, that is, St. Mary's on the site of the temple of Minerva, was begun at the end of the 13th century and finished in 1453, and is the only authentic Gothic church in Rome. Nor, though it is spacious and dimly impressive, is it a good example of that manner of building; the Florentine builders did just what might be expected in the circumstances, and produced an exotic building, of which the west front is like that of no other

Gothic church the world has seen, and the side chapels are "renaissance." It contains sculpture and pictures by Mino da Fiesole, Verocchio, Filippino Lippi, Michael Angelo, and a crucifix of Giotto, but its real and great treasure, which draws all to the church is the shrine of St. Catherine of Siena beneath the high altar. Above her relics is a very realistic recumbent figure, representing a face of great beauty; it is clothed in the tertiary habit and bears a simple inscription, beautifully cut: "*Sancta Caterina Virgo de Senensis ordinis Sancti Dominici.*" In 1637 the woodwork of the room in which St. Catherine died was brought to this church and re-erected beyond the sacristy.

There is another tomb in the Minerva, too often overlooked amid more imposing monuments, that of Fra Angelico, which is inscribed: *Hic iacet Venerabilis pictor Frater Jo.annes de Florentia Ordinis praedicatorum 14LV* ("Here lies the venerable painter Brother John of Florence of the Order of Preachers, 1455"). If the 17th or 18th centuries had been able to appreciate the Blessed Angelico, what an unholy rigmarole would have been made of his epitaph!

Three American Cardinals, McCloskey, Taschereau and Farley, have had the Minerva as their titular church, as did Cardinal Torquemada (uncle of the first Grand Inquisitor of Spain), who in 1460 established in the chapel of the Annunciation a confraternity to distribute annually 400 dowries to poor girls; the benefaction continues to this day.

San Clemente is one of the most interesting and most studied churches in the world; it is in the care of the Irish Dominicans, and it is due to the energy and enthusiasm of Fr. Mulooly, one time its prior, that its fabric is so well cared for and its antiquities so well excavated. Its site was first occupied by a temple of Mithras and by the house of St. Clement, St. Paul's fellow-missionary and the fourth Pope, traces of which still remain below the small basilica which was used for Christian worship from the 4th to the 11th centuries. This was filled up with earth and rubbish when the present S. Clemente was built eight hundred years ago, so that there are three buildings, one above the other. The middle church was re-discovered by Fr. Mulooly in 1857 and splendidly cleaned and excavated; its walls bear marvellous paintings of the 6th and 11th centuries, of the Crucifixion, Our Lady's Assumption, St. Clement, the life of St. Alexius, etc.

The primitive Roman basilica was usually a rectangular building, with a semi-circular apse at one end, in the middle of which stood the altar. There was no structural choir, in the sense of our Gothic chancel, but the singers were accommodated within a space (sometimes called the *schola cantorum*) in front of the altar and consequently stretching some way down the nave; this was screened by a low wall, as it was right amongst the people who surrounded it on three sides. It is the glory of the upper (present) church of S. Clemente that it has a magnificent *schola* of this sort, of marble and mosaic, brought from the middle church.

The altar is surmounted by a *ciborium* or stone canopy, and beneath it rest the relics of St. Clement and of St. Ignatius of Antioch. The great arch and the semi-dome of the apse bear glorious mosaics of the 12th and 13th centuries, with Our Lord and Our Lady and the symbols of the Evangelists, saints, prophets, the River of Life, the Holy City, the Lamb, the pelican, sheep and many little birds which are the souls of the blessed.

These three churches, Santa Sabina, the Minerva, San Clemente, are extraordinarily appropriate to the Friars Preachers, those men who have been, and are, as Pope Honorius prophesied, the lights of the world, casting radiance through darkness and obscurity. "They have been children of enthusiasm for they have been also full of a sure and zealous faith—a faith that could but give living force to the hand that wrote or graved or painted the name of that God who was the love of all their souls and the source of all their beauty. For what else is beauty than a smile upon the transfigured face of truth"? (*Fr. Bede Jarrett, O.P.*).

The New Housekeeper

ANNE O'SULLIVAN

.....
"Oh for the days when poor old Brigid reigned supreme!" So thought the *parochus* as he looked on the modern housekeeper. There never was such a vast contrast.
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THE parochial house was a short distance from the church, shaded from the avenue gates by great forest trees. It stood tall and bleak, away behind those trees, completely hidden from view. The daily routine which had continued almost without a break for thirty years within its walls had at last changed. The old housekeeper and retainer who scorned all modern ways, had to yield at last on the score of years and retire. How she had with such a loyal heart all those years venerated the master, whom she served so faithfully. She scolded him in turns but that she also meant for his good. He never insisted on the impossible, and knowing her limitations, he took gladly with her way of doing things until, from force of habit, he thought there was no one equal to her.

Poor old Brigid was a true blue. Dare anyone call after dark: her master was not to be disturbed with people who were too lazy to call in broad daylight. "Too late!" she would say, "come to-morrow!" and with that and no other apology, she would close the door on the intruder. She was well versed in parish gossip, and being a woman isolated from her sex, now and again she indulged in this hereditary weakness when an old crony came the way. Her heartfelt pity went out to the curates of the place, for it was many a change of hands they found it necessary to make. She never troubled the parish priest to look for a second housekeeper for all those years until at last, forced to leave, it nearly broke her heart. Thirty years in the one house managing everything her own way. The very stones of the place were dear to her. She had earned a small fortune during her long years' service, but money compensates us little for the place we love. Leaving all directions to the temporary housekeeper who was to take her place until a more suitable one was found; blinded by tears, at last the old woman said good-bye to the master and house where she had spent the happiest days of her life. The parish priest felt her loss keenly: at times he thought how could he ever manage without her. It is only when those who serve us well are left and gone we fully realize their worth.

Things went on fairly well for a while, but the quietness of the house was beginning to get on the nerves of the new housekeeper. "If it were on the street itself" she remarked, "one would have a chance of seeing someone, but hidden away behind the trees, one might as well be in a desert altogether." With such sentiments it wasn't long until she gave notice to leave. After getting a few more of her type, the poor *parochus* didn't know what to do. At last, in desperation, he wrote to his sister, who was Rev. Mother in a convent in the South, and told her how he was annoyed; and asked if she knew of anyone who might suit. A few days later, he received a letter from her, telling him she had indeed a most superior person—a lady housekeeper, one who would suit him exactly. She also said she was sending her up to him on the following Saturday.

Half in hope, and half in fear, he waited. His sister, the nun, was indeed a shrewd woman, but then, she lived in a city, and country folk differ somewhat. The following Saturday, as the *Angelus* bell tolled its sweet peals, a motor drove down the town and entered the short avenue to the priest's house. A girl of medium height, with a very smart appearance, rang the bell. A neighbouring woman who was doing duty for the time being, answered.

"The new housekeeper, no less, I declare," said Mrs. Lalor to herself, "comin' in a motor car. Wisha God help the poor man! sure it is he that is to be pitied! It was the unfortunate day old Brigid left him." With such thoughts in mind she reached the door.

"O good day, Miss. Come inside, alanna, you're welcome. The new housekeeper, I bet!"

"Yes, I am. Miss O'Grady is my name. Is the parish priest in?"

"Well he is gone hearin' the confessions, the poor man. Sure it is he that is bothered with all the strange housekeepers, one worse than another. The present-day generation are as wild as March hares. I hope you will like the place, Miss. 'Tis lonesome like, though, that's if you were used to a stir before."

Miss O'Grady answered only with a non-committal smile.

Taking her upstairs to her room, the elder woman departed downstairs with her own conclusions. "A saucy lass" she thought, "and no mistake." "Oh the airs of them townies" she said aloud, and once more a groan escaped her in sympathy with the poor priest. After an hour or so, his Reverence appeared, and first took his plain and unappetizing dinner before undergoing the ordeal of meeting the new housekeeper.

In the meantime Miss O'Grady had prepared herself for duty right away. She dressed in a neat blue coat overall, with a dainty cap to match. She looked as trim a picture as one could look at, but so stylish for the work of a country parochial house. It was with a sense of satisfaction at being dressed for the occasion she entered the room of her future master. Knocking at the door, she opened it in answer to a faint "come in," as the poor priest, after hearing Mrs. Lalor's version of this newcomer, was almost in a state of collapse. As she stood before him in her dainty dress of blue, his first salutation was: "Well, I'm blessed!"

She seemed to pay no attention to this sarcasm, as she handed him a letter from his sister, the Rev. Mother. In this letter it gave untold praise of this girl's qualifications, her cookery, management, her pretty artistic taste, her gracious manner, her capability for every branch of housekeeping. Botany and first-aid she also had acquired a knowledge of. "The right type to suit you" she wrote, "for there is nothing like changing with the times. An elderly housekeeper is likely to get her master in a kind of a rut, as I am sure it has been the case with you. To change all this now I have sent you Maude O'Grady, and I hope to hear you will appreciate her modern way of doing things, and let me hear you are pleased. She is a most superior girl in every way, and I expect you will treat her as such."

"Oh for the days when poor old Brigid reigned supreme" he thought, as he looked at this modern housekeeper. There was never such a vast contrast. Well, he thought he would make the best of it, but what possessed him to ask his sister, who was now used to town ways, to interfere? Too late he saw his mistake. After making the necessary settlement with her (and a small one it seemed to him for such a grand lady) she thanked him quite graciously.

Oh that accent! Poor old Brigid, it was little of an accent she had. She knew all his weakness about his papers strewn around everywhere; she made allowances for human nature and left them as they were. Now, everything will be put out of his reach, and with such thoughts, he left the house to air his woes with a friendly parishioner.

Coming back in the evening, somewhat relieved by telling his troubles, he found his tea nicely prepared. She had baked a delicious vanilla sponge cake for him. A bright fire glowed in the grate, pretty daffodils decorated the table. It was with a cheerful expression, in spite of all the odds against her, this new housekeeper served his tea. Everything was perfectly hot, and he must have liked it on a cold March evening, after his drive up the mountain, but if so, he

kept it to himself. New brooms sweep clean, he thought. Still he would give her a fair trial. What he was most surprised at was she seemed so pleased with her new environment.

Next morning, after his Mass, he had a warm fire awaiting him, pretty flowers decorated the table again. She gave him a bowl of well-cooked porridge, with a jug of golden cream, crisp bacon and egg, hot piping tea and toast, breakfast scones light as a feather, a small dish of juicy fruit. After partaking of this breakfast he felt she could cook at any rate, but the house—he feared she would turn it upside down. And so she did.

She went slowly for the first few days, just concentrating on his meals. She gave him a four-course dinner, and every day changed the menu. He got mixed a little with all the forks and spoons on the table, but the main factor, his food was perfect. Coming home one evening, what was it he heard coming up the avenue? The sound of the old piano, which had not been played for years. It seemed to have cheered up to a wonderful extent that at last someone had acknowledged it to be there, and gave out its notes loud and joyous once more. This housekeeper a musician too! Where would her accomplishments end?

Going up to his own apartments, he did not disturb the melody until the time passed, when he heard her sound the gong for his evening tea. The months passed and the house was completely changed. Windows were opened, brasses were polished until they shone like gold. Floors and halls were waxed to perfection so that, even a man of olden times had to acknowledge something for modern training. With all this care and attention, his eyes were beginning to faint and grow dim. This cheery housekeeper would take the paper in her most unobtrusive way, and read him sketches which he himself could not.

The thunderbolt came at last. The old priest seemed very depressed, as the doctor had been with him and told him his eyes were very bad, and he feared for his sight. Coming into the room where he was, Maude O'Grady's heart went sad as he told her the painful story. She went over to him and said: "Now I must tell you a secret, and who I am. Auntie and I had a rare joke when she sent me along to you. I am your own niece, Joan O'Reilly, and as you had only seen me once before, I knew you wouldn't recognise me. Did we not play the trick well? I came to Ireland just a month before I came here and had stayed in the town where auntie lives. I meant to pay you a short surprise call, but this is how I came instead. So you will excuse my *nom-de-plume* and all the rest, dear uncle and now allow me to stay on as the real new housekeeper as long as you need me. You will hear from auntie in a few days confirming what I say."

Awaiting his answer, it came after a few moments' pause. It was the self-same words he used as when he first saw her, but now they had such a different meaning: "Well, I'm Blessed!" he said, and this time he meant it from his heart.

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Vision

To saint and poet God has given
A sense—a foretaste of His heaven
By which they, though but dimly, see
The workings of Divinity.

From wheeling worlds that span the skies
To microscopic entities
Each in its turn must do His Will
In every motion—or be still.

Atomic force and cosmic plan
Bewilder oft their fellow man
But knowing Wisdom guides these things
The saint just prays—while poet sings.

P. J. McGUIGAN.

**“We Preach
Christ
Crucified”**



**“unto them that
are called . . .**

**the power of God and
the wisdom of God.”**

1 Cor. I. 25.

NOTE—These two pages, though by no means intended exclusively for members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion, should be regarded by them as their own special section of *The Cross*.

CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE PASSION AND CONSEQUENCES.

XXXIII.—JESUS SPEAKS : “ FATHER FORGIVE THEM.”

Jesus is now lifted up and the Cross fixed in place ; Our Blessed Lady, with her little group of friends standing outside the crowd, can see Him plainly.

For a few minutes Jesus is silent ; hands and feet and head tortured, while the scourged body, still bleeding, sags down upon the nails. If ever a man seemed utterly beaten ; if ever the leader of a forlorn hope was vanquished outright, Jesus now appears to be that Man.

“ And the people stood beholding. And the rulers with them derided Him, saying : ‘ He saved others ; let Him now save Himself if He be Christ the Elect of God.’ And the soldiers also mocked Him, saying : ‘ If Thou be the King of the Jews, save Thyself ’.” (Luke, XXIII, 35-37).

It should be remembered that Jesus was condemned to death because He had insisted before the people, and Caiphas and Pilate, that He was the Son of God ; and that they should yet see Him coming in the clouds of heaven at the right hand of His Father.

The priests, who were plentiful in the crowd and outside of it, some of them seated conspicuously on their white mules, were triumphant. They forgot their dignity before the people, and in the arrogance of success, challenged the Almighty God Himself. They had condemned Jesus for blasphemy, and now they themselves blasphemed ; publicly defying God, crying out : “ He trusted in God ; let Him now deliver Him if He will have Him : for He said : ‘ *I am the Son of God* ’.” (Matt. XXVII, 43).

It was barbarous, inhuman, to so torture the last moments of any dying man ; and these taunts of the priests stirred the soldiers to throw aside military discipline even in presence of their centurion. It was little these Romans cared about Christ’s claim to Divinity ; they based their mockery on the Title over the Cross, and laughed up at Jesus, saying : “ *If Thou be the King of the Jews save Thyself.*”

Amid these blasphemies and insults, Jesus lifted His head and prayed : **“ Father forgive them for they know not what they do.”**

Oh ! the wonderful charity of that prayer under such circumstances !

Nor was this prayer merely an exclamation, as when irritated people say : “ God forgive you ! ” when sometimes they really mean quite the opposite. Jesus meant that prayer, and it was efficacious in the consequences for many there. As we shall see later, one of the thieves, the Centurion, and some soldiers were converted ; while the whole multitude went away from Calvary beating their breasts.

We have all much to forgive, although not as much as we imagine. We are touchy, and fancy ourselves wronged or slighted when we are not. Or we may have real wrongs, but we magnify them, plan revenge, and so make ourselves unhappier still.

We forget that we ourselves need forgiveness : We often hurt others, and need forgiveness as much as anyone. We go to confession and get forgiveness. Do we forgive as readily ? And we pray daily : "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them who trespass against us." If we do not forgive them who trespass against us, then in this prayer we ask God not to forgive us. Even leaving prayer out of it, how many warm hearts have been chilled, how many good friendships destroyed, for want of a little give-and-take, which the practice of forgiveness would have ensured.

Consider now the love of Jesus for His Father. "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh" (Luke VI, 45). The first word Jesus spoke on the Cross was "Father," and it was followed by the prayer for forgiveness, and an excuse for sinners, which also implied His own submission to His Father's Will. We also when we pray to our Father in heaven, say : "Thy Will be done," but in practice we are not always so ready to accept His Will ; under pain and disappointment we can forget about God's Will, and murmur.

When Jesus prayed for His persecutors, they laughed at Him and told Him if He was the Son of God to come down, that they might see and believe. But He loved them too well to take them at their word. He knew they did not realise what they were doing. He prayed for them.

They did not know. . . . St. Peter, after telling the Jews that they crucified the Son of God, comforts them, saying : "And now brethren I know that you did it through ignorance as did your fathers" (Acts III, 17). And St. Paul says : "If they had known it they would never have crucified the Lord of Glory" (1 Cor. II, 8).

We also sin through ignorance, for although we know that by sin we crucify again the Son of God, making a mockery of Him (Heb. VI, 6) we do not think of it that way, we do not realise the enormity of sin ; and St. John comforts us as St. Peter did the Jews : "My little children, these things I write to you that you may not sin. But if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father ; Jesus Christ the Just. And He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for those of the whole world" (1 John II, 1, 2).

THEMES FOR THOUGHT.

*Many injuries we smart under are fabrications of our own distorted touchiness.
We lose good friends when forgiveness waits not for explanation.
If we forgave our friends, we should not have very many enemies.
Forgiveness does not involve further trust, nor forbid safeguarding ourselves.
God trusts us again when He forgives. We can profit by imitating Him.
Jesus not only prayed for His enemies : He made excuse for them.*

PRAYER.

"Our Father Who art in heaven, hallowed by Thy Name" ; give us grace so to forgive others that we may safely continue the prayer, "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us."

Few trespass against me ; and perhaps it is my own fault when they do. . . . Thou knowest, dear Lord, how hard I find it sometimes to forgive even my friends. . . . My temper is hot and quickly boils over ; then I say hard things, and find it harder still to apologise for them.

O Father in heaven, whether my grievances be real or fancied, remind me to look at my crucifix and kiss the nails and say : "Father forgive them" ; and to say it in the same spirit and hope, with which I pray to Thee to forgive me.

REV. FATHER HUBERT, C.P.

NAMES OF DECEASED.

Sister M. Remigius Sherlock, William M. Nally, James Somers, Richard Somers, Maysie McNamee, Timothy O'Beirne, Ellen Carey, Oonagh Plunkett.

The Bishop's Sacrifice

REV. FR. EDMUND, C.P.

A colourful reconstruction of an incident in the life of Blessed Vincent Strambi, who is remembered as the Bishop who gave his life that a well-beloved Pope might recover :: :: ::

EVERYONE believed that Christmas, 1823, would be a sad one at Rome, for Leo XII, who had ascended the throne of Peter only three months before, was dying. Early in December he had become so ill as to suspend audiences; it was now December 23rd, and he was considered past recovery. Anxious groups of people had assembled around the entrance of the Apostolic Palace of the Quirinal, then the residence of the Pope, where they eagerly awaited news of the august invalid, discussing meanwhile in tones of hope or pessimism the chances of his recovery. One of those present voiced the prevailing sentiment: "It will be a miracle if the Holy Father recovers—and such miracles don't happen every day!"

Within the Palace also, the Pope's illness was the theme of all tongues. The spacious ante-chambers, crowded with anxious inquirers, presented a picturesque spectacle. The sombre black of clerics predominated, yet here and there the scarlet robes of a cardinal or the episcopal purple could be distinguished, whilst the gorgeous uniform of an officer of the Noble Guard provided a striking contrast to the austere simplicity of the habit of a religious Order. Roman nobles rubbed shoulders with the diplomatic representatives of foreign Powers, whose presence was a symbol of the world-wide solicitude for the welfare of the Father of the Faithful, the Great White Shepherd of Christendom. From time to time a cardinal or a papal chamberlain passed through the crowded hall and vanished behind the doors that led to the Papal apartments. Their passage was the signal for a low murmur of conversation as the more well-informed of those present commented on the significance of their movements.

A stir of interest ran through the expectant assembly as a venerable figure wearing the black habit and white heart of the Passion, and bearing on his breast an episcopal cross, entered the ante-chamber. His high forehead gave an air of nobility and dignity to a pleasing countenance; his mouth was firm, yet gentle; his eyes bright and piercing, yet full of tenderness; and in his somewhat ascetic features one could discern the characteristic lines that only years of austere self-discipline can produce. Many of those present respectfully saluted him as he slowly passed along, and for all he had an answering glance, a smile of acknowledgment, a gentle inclination of the head which seemed to convey a blessing.

"Who is that?" someone asked as he disappeared from sight. A stout priest, who had been dispensing information about all who passed by, turned in astonishment.

"What!" he exclaimed, "you don't know Mgr. Strambi! Why, I thought everyone in Rome must have known him. He has given many missions here and——"

"Pardon me," the other interrupted courteously. "I know Mgr. Strambi well by repute, but until this moment I had never seen him. Was it not he who made such a heroic stand against the French some years ago?"

"Yes, yes," chuckled the old priest, indulging in a huge pinch of snuff, "those were stirring times! Ah, what a picture! Two thousand troops under arms, artillery loaded, the gunners at their posts, and all to make sure that one Bishop would not slip through their fingers. And they needed them, too, for the



BLESSED VINCENT STRAMBI, PASSIONIST BISHOP
(1745-1823).

people were ready to throw themselves upon the French bayonets sooner than allow him to be taken away. But no! a few words from their beloved pastor calmed the crowd and there was no bloodshed."

"But that is nearly twenty years ago," he added, with a sigh, "and Mgr. Strambi has had many a trouble since then. When he returned from his long exile, war and disease and famine killed thousands of his flock. 'Tis but a few weeks ago that he left his diocese, for the Pope wished to have him live here. He is a saint—if anyone can save the Holy Father, 'twill be he."

Meanwhile, unconscious of the comment his arrival had aroused, Mgr. Strambi made his way to the Pope's private apartments. It was the hour reserved for the daily audience between Leo XII and the saintly Bishop, for Leo reposed in him the utmost confidence and highly esteemed his prudent and enlightened counsel. But now, alas! the Pope was too ill even to converse with his friend, and the Bishop, with his usual delicacy of feeling, soon retired. He left the room with a heavy heart, for he saw that the Pope was almost beyond human aid.

That night he had the Rosary offered for the Pope's recovery, and retired to bed very early. To someone who remarked the fact he answered: "To-night I shall have to get up quickly!" He had foreseen that the crisis of the Pope's illness was at hand.

Towards midnight hurried footsteps approached the Bishop's room; there was a loud, insistent knocking at the door. The Pope had taken a sudden turn

for the worse; his faculty of speech had become affected; would the Bishop aid in administering the Last Sacraments? He rose quickly and hastened to the bedside of the dying Pope. On seeing him, the Pope rallied slightly, and, stretching forth his hands to embrace him, tenderly exclaimed: "Ah, Padre Vincenzo mio, I had hoped to enrol you in the catalogue of the Saints, but now another Pope will do it!"

With difficulty the Bishop mastered his sorrow, and in a voice trembling with emotion addressed words of consolation to the Pope. "No, no, Holy Father," he said, "in such difficult times God will not allow His Church to be so soon deprived of its Pastor."



BLESSED VINCENT STRAMBI OFFERS HIS LIFE FOR THE POPE.
(Feast of Blessed Vincent Strambi: September 25th).

The Blessed Sacrament was brought to the Pope, who received It with edifying devotion. For some time Mgr. Strambi remained near the Pope, suggesting to him acts of faith and love, which seemed to afford him much consolation. A sense of waiting, of expectation of the end seemed to pervade the room. In one corner three cardinals whispered in low tones to one another; by the bedside were two others reciting prayers for the dying; from the bed the laboured breath of the Pope came slowly and painfully. The Angel of Death seemed to hover almost visibly over the wasted form and marble-hued brow awaiting the moment to strike.

A great sorrow filled the Bishop's heart as he kept his tireless vigil, his lips moving in fervent prayer, his eyes fixed on the Pope's emaciated countenance.

Only three months before, a Pope had been laid to rest—the saintly Pius VII. Would the Church be again plunged in mourning? Ah, surely God would be merciful and spare His people! . . . He thought of Lazarus raised from the dead . . . “Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick,”—and he knew that He Whose divine power had called the dead from the tomb could restore the Pontiff to health. . . . It was even now Christmas Eve; to-morrow would be the sweet feast of Christ’s Nativity—would it see the Pope’s death? . . . It could not be! Surely, He Who so loved men as to come down from Heaven to dwell with them on earth, nay, Who loved them with so great a love as to die in bitterest agony upon the Cross for their salvation—would He not now intervene to save His Vicar? “Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” . . . Sacrifice . . . the Sacrifice of the Cross. . . .

A great light suddenly broke upon his mind. The Sacrifice of Christ had purchased our salvation. Sacrifice was the price of every great gift; would not sacrifice win from God the gift of the Pope’s life? He would offer his own poor life in union with the great Sacrifice of Jesus on the Cross and God would not refuse it. As he rose quickly, his resolution taken, a light of supernatural glory seemed to encircle him. Bending over the Pope, he asked permission to celebrate Mass for his recovery, and as Leo bowed his head in assent, the Bishop said in a tone of assurance: “Courage, Holy Father, be of good heart! There is someone who will offer his life for yours.”

A small congregation quickly gathered in the neighbouring chapel, when it was known that Mgr. Strambi was about to offer the Holy Sacrifice for the Pope’s recovery. It was the Mass of Christmas Eve, which commences with the prophetic words: “This day ye shall know that the Lord will come and save us; and in the morning ye shall see His glory.” No one can tell with certainty what passed between Our Lord and His faithful servant during that half-hour at the altar; it is a secret known to God alone. But from the extraordinary sequel, shall we be wrong in concluding that the Bishop offered his own life for that of the Pope, and that God accepted the heroic sacrifice?

Scarcely was the Mass finished, when a chamberlain entered the sacristy where the Bishop was making his thanksgiving, to summon him to the Pope’s room.

“How is the Pope?” inquired the Bishop.

“He is much better, indeed,” came the reply.

“Thanks be to God!” exclaimed the Bishop joyfully. “The grace is granted! The Blessed Virgin has heard us! The sacrifice has been accepted!”

From that very hour, against all hope, the Pope began to recover.

And a week later the Bishop was dead.

“Greater love than this no man hath. . . .”

The Opera of Life

Rose and gold is the whole world wide
Beauty in every creature.
Life flows gaily on like a tide,
Gorgeous in every feature.
All’s in tune, the heart is young
When life’s gay overture is sung.

Brown and silver all the world’s grown
Vain seem the fleeting hours
Youth’s dancing wavelets all have flown
The evening sky dark lowers
Age has come, the heart is old
And the grand climax has left us—cold.

(Rev.) J. C. O’FLAHERTY, A.M.

The Trial of Fr. Sheehy

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SEAN GALLAGHER

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The trial and death of Fr. Sheehy excited extraordinary attention at the time. It was a time when dark deeds were often committed and doubtful justice frequently dispensed in Ireland :: ::
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ON the morning of the 15th March, 1766, a tragically sordid scene was being enacted in the town of Clonmel. Fr. Nicholas Sheehy, the beloved pastor of the parish of Clogheen, had been led out from his cell in the jail to die.

Besides the guard of soldiers and the officials in attendance, there were other people scattered about the place of execution. Some had come to gratify their morbid curiosity; a few, perhaps, to gloat over the heroic priest's fate. Others, urged by a secret sympathy and admiration for the condemned man, had come with the futile hope that they might be of assistance to him, in some small way, in his last moments. The furtive glances, and the scarcely-whispered words, added to the tragic bleakness of the scene. The expressions of horror and gloom that distorted the faces of the onlookers, mirrored the soul's loathing of the deed that was about to be perpetrated.

The gentle breath of early spring already in the air passed unnoticed. A dreary atmosphere of despair hung like an impenetrable pall over the Tipperary town.

The prisoner, with steady step and serene countenance, walked to the gallows. There, in a clear, resolute voice that accentuated the deep, hushed silence that had suddenly enveloped the people, he declared his innocence of the crime for which he was about to die.

A few moments later the priest's almost lifeless form was swinging from the cross-beam. The body was swiftly cut down and quartered. The head was struck off and stuck on a spike which was placed over the entrance to Clonmel Jail to proclaim to all that the barbarous sentence had been ruthlessly carried out, and to act as a terrible warning to anyone who might be tempted to oppose the bigoted and corrupt ruling class of those days.

Fr. Sheehy's trial and death excited extraordinary attention at the time, though it was an age when dark deeds were often committed and doubtful justice frequently dispensed in Ireland.

To-day, when nearly two centuries have passed away, the history and interesting details of the trial are all but forgotten. The fate of the Tipperary priest, however, rivets attention, for all time, on the unjust and cruel methods often adopted in bygone ages for the conviction of an innocent person.

Fr. Sheehy, a man of simple tastes and kindly disposition, has been described as possessing "a quixotic cast of mind towards relieving all those . . . whom he fancied to be injured or oppressed."

He was born in Fethard, and came of a good Irish family.

Forced by the Penal Laws to seek abroad the education denied him at home, he studied at Paris, and on his return to Ireland his heart was filled with sorrow at the degradation and misery of his countrymen. In his own parish he was courageous enough to stand openly in the defence of his outraged flock, and he incurred the hatred of the local magistrates and the more powerful landowners of the district by condemning some glaring injustices and suggesting minor reforms.

The year 1762 saw the oppressed people, who had been driven to despair and misery by the increasing rack-rents, the collection of tithes, and the inclosure

of the commonage, banding themselves into secret societies to resist the iniquitous imposts. Riots broke out in many places.

The Government represented these feeble and unconnected outbursts as a serious Popish rebellion (actually, the Whiteboy Society was denounced by the Catholic clergy), instigated by France with the object of bringing in the Pretender.

There was no conspiracy. Edmund Burke, who visited the country three times during those unsettled years, when describing the wretched condition of the peasants, mentions what he designates "the pretended conspiracy." The opportunity was availed of, however, to pour troops under the Marquess of Drogheda, into the little village of Clogheen, and we read that "great numbers of the insurgents were killed by his Lordship's regiment."

In the midst of all the disturbances Fr. Sheehy was arrested and tried for conspiracy against the State, but owing to lack of evidence, he was allowed to go free. The local magnates disappointed at this turn of events, complained so bitterly against the Judge, Richard Acton, for acquitting the priest, that he was forced to leave the country and accept an inferior position in England.

In the meantime, Bridge, an infamous informer against many of those who had been executed for the riots, disappeared, and was said to have been murdered by their associates.

A reward of £50 was offered by the Government for the discovery and conviction of the murderer.

Of course, Fr. Sheehy was connected by the lying innuendoes of his enemies with the crime, but adequate proof for the success of the plot to bring about his destruction, could not be obtained.

"For two years," writes John Mitchel, in his *History of Ireland*, "while the gibbets were groaning and the jails bursting with his poor parishioners, he was enabled to baffle all prosecutions; sometimes escaping out of the very toils of the attorney-general by default of evidence, sometimes concealing himself in the glens of the mountains. . . ."

At length the Government was persuaded to issue a Proclamation against him, as a person guilty of high treason, and £300 reward was offered for his apprehension.

On hearing of the Proclamation, Fr. Sheehy immediately wrote from his hiding-place to Secretary Waite, stating, that "as he was not conscious of any such crime, as he was charged with in the proclamation, he was ready to save to the Government the money offered for taking him, by surrendering himself out of hand, to be tried for that or any other crime he might be accused of; not at Clonmel, where he feared that the power and malice of his enemies were too prevalent for justice, but at the Court of King's Bench in Dublin."

His offer was accepted. The priest was taken to Dublin, and charged with high treason. The principal witnesses produced against him were a beggar-boy named Lonergan, a prostitute named Mary Butler, and an impeached thief named Tuohy. It is said that all three were taken out of Clonmel Jail and bribed for the purpose of bearing witness against him. After a trial lasting fourteen hours, during which the prisoner had to face a severe cross-examination, he was acquitted by the Dublin jury.

But Fr. Sheehy's enemies were resolved that he should die.

No sooner had the verdict of acquittal been passed than he was again arrested and charged with the murder of the informer, John Bridge. Despite the promise given to him by Waite he was transferred to Clonmel. There, on the 12th March, 1766, he was tried on the new charge. Every precaution was taken to secure a conviction.

Mitchel describes the proceedings as follows:—

"A party of horse surrounded the court, admitting and excluding whomsoever they thought proper, while others of them, with Sir Thomas Maude at their

head, scampered the streets in a formidable manner, breaking into inns and private lodgings in the town, challenging and questioning all newcomers, menacing the prisoner's friends, and encouraging his enemies."

During the trial a respectable man of property named Keating, gave the clearest evidence in favour of Fr. Sheehy.

He stated that on the night of the supposed murder the prisoner had lain in his house, that he could not have left without his knowledge, and could not possibly have been present at the murder.

Immediately, Mr. Hewitson, a Protestant clergyman in court, stood up, and denounced Keating as having been concerned in the killing of a corporal and sergeant some time previously. The unfortunate witness was at once arrested, loaded with chains, and conveyed to Kilkenny Jail, where he was thrown into a dungeon. He was later tried and acquitted of the charge brought against him.

Fr. Sheehy was found guilty of murder (on the evidence of the same witnesses who had appeared against him in Dublin) and condemned to be hanged, drawn and quartered.

Three days later the sentence was carried into effect.

The brave and tender-hearted pastor had paid dearly for his courageous attempts to alleviate the distress of the tortured people.

"Many hearths were now cold," writes John Mitchel, "that had been the centre of a humble family circle four years before; and the surviving parishioners of Clogheen, when they saw the blackening skull of their revered priest upon its spike withering away in the wind, could read the fate that, on the first murmur of revolt, was in store for themselves or anyone who should take their part."

Incredible as it seems to-day, the head remained spiked over the gates of Clonmel Jail for twenty years. Eventually, the priest's sister, Mrs. Burke, was allowed to take it down and bury it where his body lies in the churchyard of Shandraghan.

The body of Bridge was never discovered, and a rumour in the neighbourhood gained general credence later, that the informer had not been murdered, but was living all the time in Newfoundland.

Fr. Sheehy's innocence is now admitted by all fair-minded historians. He was convicted during a period when, in the words of Dr. Curry, "the very stews and the jails were rummaged in search of evidence; and the most notoriously profligate in both were selected and tampered with, to give information of the private transactions and designs of reputable men, with whom they never had any dealing, intercourse or acquaintance; nay, to those very persons they were often found to be strangers when confronted at their trial."

Such are the principal facts of the memorable case, which must be ranked as the chief example of "judicial murder" in the history of this country.

Thoughts of a Missionary

The high-raised Host into my heart instils
The fragrance of the purest love
That e'er hath filled my life.
I would that now and evermore
The strange warmth of the loving Lord
I might bespeak, until resounding on
The farthest shores of Africa
All nations to the Godhead's Majesty
Might bow their heads. O Lord, what joy
Then would I feel, when as the sun
Which lights the world, Thy truth
Might light the souls of savages
And beautify their sullied purity
With love and grace.
O God, may but this dream of mine
Come true!

FRANCIS J. JEFFERSON.

Lourdes Bishop to be Archbishop of Lyons



Mgr. PIERRE MARIE GERLIER,
Archbishop of Lyons.

KKNOWN to thousands of Irish and English pilgrims to Lourdes, Mgr. Pierre Gerlier, Bishop of Tarbes and Lourdes, has been nominated Archbishop of Lyons in succession to the late Cardinal Maurin.

One of the most popular and most well-known members of the French Hierarchy, the new Archbishop is an outstanding figure in ecclesiastical circles. Born at Versailles on January 14th, 1880, where his father was a high postal official, Pierre Marie Gerlier had the distinction of being the great grand-nephew of a Saint—St. Catherine of Genoa. Adopting the law as his profession, he pursued his studies at Bordeaux, obtaining a brilliant doctorate. At this time he was busily engaged as a layman in various Catholic activities, and in 1907 he was elected President of the Association of French Catholic Youth. His gifts as an orator, coupled with his unfailing good humour, rendered him universally popular; and as his repute soon extended to other lands, he represented his country at youth gatherings in Belgium and Canada. His energetic labours in this capacity earned high tributes from the late Cardinal Dubois. In his profession, too, he speedily rose to a foremost place, and from 1911 to 1933 he filled the position of Secretary to the French Lawyers' Association. At the same time he occupied a legal post attached to the Council of State and the Court of Appeal.

He was thirty-three years of age when, in 1913, he abandoned his career and entered the Seminary at Issy to study for the priesthood. However, the outbreak of the Great War soon interrupted his studies and he was called to the colours. As adjutant to the 104th Regiment of Infantry he fought with distinction at the Meuse and the Marne, where he was wounded and made a prisoner of war in September, 1914. For his valour in the field he was awarded the *Croix de Guerre* and mentioned in despatches. Finally, in 1919, he was repatriated and, having resumed his interrupted studies, he was raised to the priesthood in 1921. Cardinal Dubois, who held him in high regard, appointed him deputy-director of diocesan works in Paris, and soon afterwards conferred upon him an honorary Canonry. Less than eight years after his ordination, on May 15th, 1929, he was nominated Bishop of Tarbes and Lourdes in succession to the late Mgr. Poirier.

Under his direction many brilliant ceremonies have taken place at this world-famous shrine. Notable amongst these were the National Marian Congress in 1930, the celebration of the 75th anniversary of the apparitions in 1933, the canonisation of St. Bernadette and the World Triduum for Peace in 1935, at which Cardinal Pacelli presided as Papal Legate. Irish pilgrims in particular, who participated in these magnificent assemblies, have particularly happy recollections of the genial kindness of the prelate who was universally known by the sobriquet of "*le toujours souriant eveque de Lourdes*."

Filled with grief at parting from his beloved Lourdes, Mgr. Gerlier nevertheless bowed to the inevitable. "It is a blow to my heart to have to leave Lourdes, where I had hoped to die" he confessed to a reporter from *La Croix*. Mgr. Gerlier will take formal possession of his new See in October. It is anticipated that he will be named a Cardinal at the next Consistory, as the Archbishop of Lyons, next after Paris the most important See in France, is always a member of the Sacred College of Cardinals.

Novena

for Jane

.....☉.....

D. M. ANDERSON

.....
"God bless mummy and daddy and cook and Jane." Then Joe shut his eyes tight and said slowly with great effect :—"and send her a husband." Mrs. Cary gasped, but the small voice continued
.....

JANE the housemaid sat back on her heels and wiped her face with the back of her hand, while she gloomily surveyed the flight of steps she was whitening. Then she sighed heavily and bent again to her task, but only for a moment, for a small shrill voice behind her made her kneel up straight.

"It's goin' to be wet, Jane, so you'se booful steps won't stay white long."

Jane sighed again and looked still more gloomily at the threatening sky.

"It seems to me, it's allus raining, Master Joe," she complained.

"It wasn't wet yes'day, nor the day before," answered Joe, literally.

"It's allus wet on Wednesdays," Jane's voice implied deep despair.

"Is it?" Joe looked troubled, "but does it matter such a lot?"

"Even' out," answered Jane, laconically.

"Oh, when ve man from ve stores round ve corner comes."

Jane coloured and picked up her scrubbing brush.

"I must get along with this job, Master Joe," she said, shortly.

But Joe was regarding her thoughtfully.

"Farver said he wonders a nice face girl like you doesn't get a husband. I heard him tell muvver, but they didn't know I heard. Would you like a husband, Jane?"

Jane coloured still deeper.

"Perhaps I might, Master Joe," she answered evasively.

Joe clapped his hands.

"That means yes. Muvver always says p'raps I may have a thing when she means yes."

He propped himself against the lintel of the door while Jane scrubbed vigorously, and it was not until she had wrung out her cloth after she had finished the last step that she spoke again.

"Let's have a novena, Jane?" he coaxed.

Jane looked up.

"What for, Master Joe?" she asked.

"For a husband for you, of course!" he answered, decidedly.

For a moment the girl looked at him, and the gloom left her face.

"Well, Master Joe—" she began, but a voice came from inside calling Joe, and with—

"Comin' mummy," he vanished into the house.

"Well I never," ejaculated Jane the housemaid, as she picked up her pail and cloth, stepped into the house, and shut the door behind her.

It was after Jane had given Joe his bath at night and gone downstairs to carry in the dinner, that Mrs. Cary came up to the nursery to hear Joe say his prayers. He was looking unusually reflective when his mother came in that night, and to her surprise he began at once, though he usually had many things to tell her first.

The usual prayers were speedily got through, and then came the litany of petitions: "God bless mummy and daddy, and cook and Jane." There was a pause, and then Joe shut his eyes tight, put his head back with the exertion of

concentration, raised his clasped hands, and said slowly and with great effort :

“ And send her a husband ! ”

Mrs. Cary gasped, but the small voice continued :

“ —and send her a husband, and send her a husband—and— ”

But Joe's mother felt that it was time to interfere :

“ What is it, darling ? ” she asked, a quiver in her voice and a twinkle in her eyes, though Joe was too absorbed in his own affairs to notice it.

“ Oh,” he gasped, “ you've spoilt it.”

“ Spoilt what ? ” asked his mother.

“ The novena. Oh ! Jane will be so disappointed, and I was going to have a husband all ready for her to-morrow.” He manfully choked down a sob.

With an heroic effort his mother stifled a laugh.

“ But you can't make a novena in one day : it is nine days following, darling,” she explained.

“ Oh ! ” cried Joe, radiantly, “ then it isn't spoilt. Mummy, we must count ever so carefully—one day now—just fancy how pleased Jane will be.”

It was not until Mrs. Cary was half way through her shopping the next day that the full extent of the novena made itself felt. She had taken Joe with her as a treat, and he was standing very quietly by her side in “ the stores round the corner ” when a young man with a pleasant face and dark hair came in. In a moment Joe was alert, and hurried across the shop to the newcomer.

“ Oh, I was so hoping to see you,” his clear shrill voice echoed through the shop, “ will you join in my novena for Jane to get a husband, I know you'se friends ! ”

The young man got crimson to the roots of his hair, but the shop-man laughed loudly : he was big, and fat, and jolly.

“ You're beginning early, Sonny,” he chuckled. “ Who is Jane ? ”

“ Jane's our housemaid, farver said— ”

But Mrs. Cary put her hand on his shoulder.

“ We'll be late for dinner, darling, so come along. Good-morning.” She gave an embarrassed and apologetic smile to the shop-man, but he was still eyeing his crimson-faced assistant.

“ I'll warrant that he's met Jane when he's delivered your goods, madam,” he reflected.

It was the last morning of the novena, and Joe was at the very height of expectation. He had been forbidden to his surprise to invite more people to join in, but a fascination drew him to where Jane was cleaning the steps. Needless to say she had not been told of the episode in the shop, and Joe had been also forbidden to mention that too.

Joe stood on the mat in the porch skipping from one foot to the other, for excitement prevented him keeping quiet.

“ I wonder— ” he reflected, while he watched Jane scrub, and then a wonderful thing happened. A white-coated young man drew up his bicycle at the kerb and jumped off. Joe could hardly believe his eyes.

Jane looked up as the gate clicked, and coloured slightly as the dark-haired young man approached holding a brown paper parcel.

Joe felt that the prohibition to speak of the novena did not hold good here. The young man knew, for hadn't he told him himself in the shop ! so—

“ Have you remembered the novena ? ” he demanded.

Jane looked up wide-eyed, and met the young man's embarrassed gaze.

“ Yes,” he admitted.

Joe skipped up and down on the mat.

“ It's the last day,” he announced.

“ Yes,” agreed the young man, his face wet with shyness.

Jane was gazing at them horrified, and the expression in her eyes seemed to act as a tonic to the young man.

"I've come to ask Jane if it is to be answered," he said.

Joe looked perplexed.

"But the husband hasn't come yet," he quavered.

"Yes, here he is!" announced the young man.

Joe gasped.

"Are you asking Jane to marry you?" he demanded. "Oh, Jane, do say yes, do please say yes!"

And Jane did.

Growing ~ Pains

.....@.....

MAY NEVIN



Sometimes you try and fail—and try again. Eventually you will succeed and feel the better for a willing acceptance of God's Will.



"YOU'LL never know the meaning of life till you've drunk deeply of its sorrows. You'll never produce anything worth while till then—for so far you have never lived."

So they tell you when you are young in experience and care-free; when you laugh your way through life; at intervals, perhaps, chafing beneath the pin-pricks you, in your inexperience, thought were the thrusts of sword-blades, till suddenly you were plunged beneath the surface and realized the wisdom of the critics.

If you were sensitive you avoided suffering as you would a plague; you knew it existed—knew, in careless fashion, that it tinged the greatest happiness. But thoughtlessly you winged your flight through sunny spaces and shook your wings when danger threatened, and flitted away to the happiness all complete. Or maybe you were content, just remained where you were, in pastures green, because stories of suffering were carried to you from the outer world. And you didn't want to suffer.

Yet suffering came. The cross was laid on your shoulders.

Maybe a loved one died; one whose going stripped life bare of everything that mattered most: love, understanding, sympathy; one who always, perhaps, sheltered you from every hurt. Maybe you felt life was no longer worth living; that you would welcome death in order to be with your beloved again.

But life pulsed about you; you were caught on its tide, and, too weak to resist, you allowed yourself to be carried. You drifted. Maybe love for another, suffering just as you, awakened you to the fact that work was to be done and Life would *not* cease pulsating just because the one person was no longer there. And you dragged yourself through a number of tasks, once of vital importance, but now seemingly futile.

What did anything matter? God, the ache, the awful desolation! With eyes dazed and bewildered you gazed at the world where everything was just as before. Nobody cared, that was it. You had a notion of going away—running away from the terrible pain, till common sense, or maybe your Guardian Angel, whispered:

"You can't run away from yourself."

Yourself. . . . Yes, yourself alone is suffering this particular pain. Don't you see the glances of pity directed towards you? hear the words of sympathy? Someone confides her story in you—someone who once felt like you: hopeless with that hopelessness that is past caring about anything. You listen. Of course you always knew people died; always guessed the desolation death's

passing left in its wake. Only how could one possibly realize what that desolation meant till one experienced it?

You feel a bond of sympathy between yourself and that Mother whose crucified Son was laid in Her Arms—even forget your own loss that, somehow, fades into insignificance in face of Hers. Sorrow tinged the greatest happiness, you used to think. Suddenly you realize that happiness tinges the greatest sorrow—when that sorrow is brought about by God's Will. Strange. . . .

Life widens before your vision. You feel, as it were, admitted into secrets hitherto known to everyone only yourself. You always regarded life as a sunny garden whose stinging bees could be avoided; now, with new eyes you gaze, interest deepened. You look around; see women and men who always appeared commonplace now suddenly transformed into heroines and heroes. When you think of all they must have suffered! You recall how Mrs. Murphy buried four babies one after the other, and her "God's holy Will be done; if they lived I could never wish greater happiness for them than Heaven itself," rings in your ears like the words of a saint. Young Molly Brown who loved Jim White with a love that was real and deep and was cast aside almost on the eve of her marriage. "I just thought of how the disciples ran away from Our Lord after His Agony in the Garden—left Him there with the rabble of soldiers. When the agony of pain to both pride and heart was greatest, the thought of Him helped," she confided in you for the first time, because she knew you would understand now that suffering was scorching your own soul.

"Don't drag your cross," some friend whispered, when the terrible thing happened.

Human nature, and the pride that was responsible for your very sensitiveness, protests against an undignified appearance. You decide to carry it. You hide your pain from the world and "you're wonderful!" someone says.

"You don't feel wonderful—just a sham—smiling for the sake of appearance—smiling because you fancy no one cares, and you couldn't bear their pretending to care—when your heart feels like lead.

And then you feel you've just *got* to live up to your smile. Because youth is on your side, and youth calls for life. You try and fail—and try again. To lemonade without the fizz you compare yourself and strive to regain the fizz.

And eventually you succeed and feel the better from having to shoulder a weight less heavy now than you imagined. The lightness comes when you accept the inevitable—God's Will—bringing with it a sense of happiness, of achievement, a knowledge that you have gained strength, grown up.

"Three Requests"

I would be patient as Job;
In my sorrows, in my hours of darkness,
Turning my heart from worldly comforts.
I, weary and sorely tried,
Would say to Thee—

"Blessed be the Name of the Lord!"

I would be loyal as Ruth;
Forsaking all others for Thee,
Following in Thy Footsteps,
My heart crying out—

"Wheresoe'er Thou goest, I go
Thy ways are my ways, Thy people my people."

I would be loved as John;
At peace Lord, my head upon Thy Breast,
Not for To-day, nor To-morrow, but Eternity!
Buried within Thy heart.
Chiding the loveless world

"He that loveth not, knoweth not God—
For God is Love."

Thus do I pray—Patience, Loyalty, Love.

SHEILA LOUGHNAN.

The Hand of God

.....

*An Infant Hand with clinging fingers frail,
Pink rose-leaf palm brought forth to bear the nail ;
A Baby Hand, plump, dimpled, chubby fist
By humble, loving Mother washed and kissed ;
A good Boy's Hand, obedient, swift, and strong
Attending Foster-Father all day long ;
A young Man's Hand, possessed of boundless power,
Unique example humbly waits the hour ;
Messiah's Hand, raised to heal and bless,
Soothing men's troubled hearts with kind caress ;
Creator's Hand, increasing fish and bread
Amazing Hand, awaking sleeping dead ;
Astounding Hand, washing twelve poor men's feet,
Blessing and breaking Living Bread most sweet.
A captive Hand, to culprit's Pillar bound ;
A trembling Hand, whence reed slips to the ground ;
Submissive Hand, outstretched to take the load,
Next raised to bless the grieving on the road
Pink rose-leaf palm, all crimson now, and blue,
Black and swollen, pierced right through
With nail fixed deep in hot and quivering flesh,
Drawing the Royal Life Blood forth afresh
To trickle down the now fast-swelling wrist
Which stricken watchful Mother washed and kissed.
The gentle Fingers puffed and strained
Their darkening nails blood-rimmed and stained.
All ye whose hands oft sinful scenes applaud,
Behold the patient, wounded Hand of God.
All ye who put your hands to sinful deeds
See how the transfixed Hand of Jesus bleeds.
All ye who urge a call to arms thro' pride
Behold the Hand of Jesus crucified
Fastened to hard, unyielding wood,
Black and swollen, gushing Blood.*

PRAYER

*Oh, Throbbing Hand of Jesus, racked with pain,
Guard my wayward hands from deeds that stain.
Guide each puny little act of mine,
Unite each pigmy effort, Lord with Thine
And suffer all my actions to atone
For the sinful deeds of others and my own.
Help me to do each humble deed God's Will unfolds,
And sanctify my own and other souls.*

MARY BRIGID TYNAN.

The Problem Page ~ FRANCES MacBRIDE

CHAPTER IX.—“*Defender of the Faith.*”

FATHER BLANDFORD'S words to Diana on the day of Mary's funeral, came to the girl somewhat in the nature of a rebuff. She had always understood that Catholics were only too eager and anxious to draw numbers into the Fold, and for the first time she saw that it was quality, not quantity that mattered. It was not for the Church to present credentials, but for her to prove herself worthy of admission, a state of affairs which, in her pride she deemed an intolerable humiliation.

“I will think no more about it,” she said to herself. “I am not going on my knees to beg admission.”

Yet, for all that her natural curiosity led her to observe, to weigh, to ponder, and to read all she could about the Faith. She had bought a small two-seater car, and this she found useful for errands and excursions about the county. One cold Sunday morning, about a month after Mary's death, she rose early, driven by a sudden restless spirit that would not be denied freedom. She gave the car the lead and wandered just where the road wound, caring nothing for destination, and just at noon she ran into the fifteenth century town of Kingsholm, where there was a fine old pre-Reformation Abbey, lately restored and given back to its rightful possessors for the Catholic worship.

As she drove into the square, the church bells were ringing, and to this day she could not tell just what made her join the throng of Mass-going people. Certainly the thought had been furthest from her mind when she set out. The great lofty church was packed to the door with a wealthy and fashionable congregation. The mink coats of the ladies rubbed shoulders with the correct, black morning attire of their men-folk. The air was sweet with the fragrance of eau-de-cologne, mingled with the heavier perfume of the lilies on the altar, and the incense.

High Mass, with all the pomp and majesty of the Church ritual, began. The sanctuary seemed crowded with the ministers of the altar in white and gold vestments. There was the noble sound of men's voices singing praise and glory to God. The mighty tones of an organ beat against the vaulted roof. Flowers, candles, incense, colour, and warmth and light, bringing a glorious exaltation of spirit.

She looked around the congregation. What were these people getting out of this service that she was missing? What brought them here in such numbers on a cold, bleak Sunday morning when assuredly, it would have been but human to remain pillowed in silk and down? A man before her sat staring at the altar, his chin cupped in his folded hands. What was he doing, staring like that, praying, or just simply miles away in thought? A woman further along had beads moving between her fingers, and her lips moved also, in unison. A young girl with a college coat-of-arms on her hat knelt beside Diana with a very large book in her hands. Diana, shamelessly peeping, saw it was called a Missal, and from the number of times she changed positions in the book it appeared to Diana she was following the service very closely. What brought them all here? Fear of the priest? No, it was absurd to believe that silly story, for these were people of wealth, and people of wealth usually fear no man.

“They get something here,” said Diana to herself. “Some hope, some sustenance, some consolation for their needs. I wonder what it is?”

Suddenly a single bell cut in amid the murmurs, the sighs, the coughs, and other small sounds, silencing them with an imperious gesture. Diana had never known it possible for such a crowded place to be so silent. The shrill horn of a passing 'bus, the bugle at the barracks nearby, sounded remote,

far-off. There was another bell just as the tenseness had begun to be agonising. She lifted her head and saw, between the priest's uplifted hands, a white Disc. Above the silent crowd, above the bowed, reverent heads of this vast congregation, the small white Host gleamed an instant like the sun shining through a rent in the clouds. Then it was over. The tension relaxed. The crowd shuffled, murmured, coughed, and sighed once more; but not Diana.

She dropped to her knees, and still knelt there, head bowed, too terrified to move, for in that brief instant when she had looked upon the Host, recognition had come. Others had told her of it with conviction of the wonder and majesty of God dwelling among men. Now something had entered her cold proud heart, and forced it to acknowledge without any reserve, the Kingship of Christ.

"Lo, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world. . ."

DEAR, wise, kind Father Blandford! Had he known how easy it would be for her to pray once she was convinced of the Faith? Had he known all along how easy it was once God gave the light?

She began to pray: she who had never learned a prayer in her life. Words came surging to her lips to stand there unuttered, words stood like massed armies ready in her heart. Soundlessly, she invited God to look and read all that was written there; all the restlessness, the weariness, the pain of one lost in the desert; the striving after the unknown, the clutching at shadows that was suddenly ended. The barrier was down. Pride had thrown up the struggle, and there was something inexpressibly sweet and satisfying in this complete and unconditional surrender. All that week she hugged her secret to her, half-afraid to tell anyone of the wonder that had come to her, a week of perfect peace and security until the devil, jealous of another stronghold won for Christ, beset her with a new and subtle temptation.

"Perhaps I imagined it all," she said to herself, as she walked up and down her room unhappily. "It was quite possible for me to be carried away with the pomp and ceremony, the vestments, the lights and flowers. Would I have felt the same if I had chanced to visit some poor, obscure little church where no service was being held?"

An agony of doubt and pain assailed her. Her dream was so sweet, dare she risk its shattering? Yet, until it was put to the test she would know no peace of mind. Her doubts and fears began to show in her face, much to Maggie's sorrow and astonishment.

"Why," she said to her one day, "what ails you, Miss Diana? Are you unhappy, or is anyone bad to you? I declare, there's more flesh on John Peter Paul, God bless him, than on you, Miss Diana, these days!"

Diana choked back the desire to confide. This was something she had to fight out on her own.

"Oh, I am perfectly well, Maggie, just a little bit out of sorts. I shall pick up, no doubt when the fine weather comes."

"I'm sure Mr. Arrowsmith works you too hard at times. It's all very well, making his paper popular, but what about your health, Miss Diana, dear?"

"It isn't that, Maggie, only sometimes the letters grow a bit difficult and tiresome. It is then I feel worn out."

"Then, why don't you take a little holiday this afternoon? Why not run along in the car to Pantegg, where there's some kind of fair held every second of February? Some of the customs are very quaint and interesting, and you could take tea at Phantasie. It will break the time for you and lift your mind a bit, Miss Diana dear."

MORE to please Maggie than from inclination, Diana set off in the little car after lunch. The February day was cold, but clear and inviting, and it was indeed pleasant to see the

first meadow flowers appearing already in sheltered nooks along the way. At Pantegg, the fair was in full swing, with all the usual accessories of roundabouts, fortune-telling, fat ladies and thin giants; and a lion, a bit worn-out and tired-looking, it was true, but a real forest-bred lion, as its cage boasted. After an hour watching the fun the local youth was getting out of the Fair, Diana was glad to make her way to the ancient Tudor building called Phantasie, where in an atmosphere redolent of a bygone age, one might partake of a well-made cup of tea and delicious hot scones.

"You are very busy," remarked Diana politely to the young waitress.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, we do always have a mort of folks here on Lady's Day."

"Is that what the Fair is called?" asked Diana, interested. "Lady's Day? Why is that?"

"Well, ma'am, the Fair itself was founded by Queen Mary, so 'tis said, in honour of Mary, the Blessed Mother of God. Our Lady's Day is February 2nd—Candlemas—we Catholics call it. Although Queen Elizabeth, her half-sister, banished everything Catholic from the land when she came to the throne, old customs have a way of lingering. This one, ma'am, has been kept at Pantegg as a fair and market for nigh five hundred years."

"That is very interesting," said Diana. "By the way, as you are a Catholic, perhaps you can tell me the way to the Catholic church?"

"First turning on your right after you pass the town hall, ma'am. Ah, thank you kindly, ma'am!"

Blue shadows were falling about the busy little town, casting a veil of tenderness over a place that in daylight must be rather squalid, when Diana left Phantasie. She found the church after some difficulty, sandwiched as it was between two tall warehouses. For a fraction of a minute she hesitated before entering. Would this small dim church crush out forever the hope and exaltation that had been hers for one short week? It was dark within the

church, so dark that she paused for a moment to get her bearings before choosing a seat in the shadow of a pillar. The building was new; its poverty showed in the cheap wooden beams crossing the bare plaster, the pine-smelling wooden benches. Obviously, the best had been kept for that holy space beyond the wooden railings. Here, a red carpet had been laid down—a cheap lace cloth and a linen one, both white as snow, covered the altar table. The tabernacle door, the crucifix, and the tall candlesticks gleamed bravely out of the dark. There was no light save that of the red lamp, its flickering light like a firefly in the shadows. Despite the fact that the church was in a working-class district and near the high road of traffic, the place was queerly silent.

She sat there quite a while with her hands folded in her lap before she noticed the woman who had entered, a shadow herself among shadows. She had a little dark shawl drawn closely about her head, and she went up the aisle, made a deep genuflection, and passed into a seat. There she knelt erect, eyes closed, and Diana knew she had left the world and its cares at the church door. Here was no prayer of petition, but something of adoration and praise.

The door opened again and two men entered. Both were labourers, with grimy clothing and hard, calloused hands. They knelt clumsily, noisily, and prayed. A young girl came, and she varied the routine somewhat. She walked round the church slowly, pausing to kneel and pray at pictures hung regularly round the walls. Some children, little more than babies, clattered in, and clattered out again, one giggling.

Different, thought Diana, each different as chalk and cheese, yet all united in one thing; the praise and worship of God in His Eucharistic Presence. It was somehow soothing to sit here in the quiet dark with folded hands. There was rest here, despite a hard wooden seat and the added discomfort of a draught blowing coldly down on

the back of her neck. She looked again at the tabernacle, and once more that wondrous conviction came to her heart. Environment had nothing whatever to do with it; it was merely the surrender of her soul to an overwhelming majesty which must take place where He was, every time her poor soul came nigh His. Once again the exaltation swept through her heart like a mighty wind, leaving at once a splendour and a pain; and once again she dropped to her knees feeling that ease of speech in talking to Him that she had known before. This time there was no hesitation; she asked Him boldly but quite simply for the gift of love and fidelity since He had deigned to grant her faith. The unhappiness had gone, the depression vanished, marvellously; and as she made her way out she was conscious only of a deep sense of gratitude.

In the porch she paused to read, not without difficulty, a small tablet let into the wall.

"This church was consecrated to the worship of God, and in honour of Our Lady of Victories on the twenty-fourth of May, 1918."

"Our Lady of Victories!" mused Diana. "What a splendid title. I wonder now, did she lure me here to-day with the Lady Fair?"

DURING her period of instruction Diana chose to live in the enclosure of a convent, and accordingly she went to the good nuns of Holy Cross Abbey. Here she was under the care of Sister Joseph, a convert herself, who knew a lot about converts' difficulties. And here, too, Diana saw day by day religious life in its ideal setting. The placid calm faces of the nuns, their peace that no kind of calamity could shatter, their infinite patience with their pupils, made Diana ashamed of herself. She loved and admired the order of their lives, each hour with its special duty or prayer following in beautiful harmony; and she saw that such a life can breed an unwonted strength and self-control no outside worldly influence could ever give.

"When can I be received, Sister?" was the plea constantly on her lips.

"The discipline of waiting is good for your impetuous spirit, child," Sister Joseph would smile.

"You are keeping me back from my heritage, Sister."

"Your heritage no man can take from you, Diana" said Sister, and Diana knew it was true.

At last the great day dawned, following upon the other red-letter days of baptism, reception and first communion. Of her First Communion day, with Maggie by her side at the altar rail she could never be induced to speak. It was too silent and sweet and altogether too intimate to share with anyone, even the dearest. She had much the feeling of a traveller who has wandered long in unknown lands and forgotten the place where he was born; who comes at last and finds his home standing there, and the door ajar, and a table spread, and all things ready to receive him. So, in much the same way, Diana Stainsforth came home. . . .

* * * *

WHEN John Peter Paul was three years old, something happened one day that was to change the whole course of Diana's life forever. It was a very hot day in early August and the world seemed asleep under a spell. Even the standing corn had hardly a ripple on its golden sea. Diana sat in the summerhouse, making no pretence of working, and longing for the cool of the evening. Maggie had decided they should have tea in the garden, and was setting the tea-things on the white-clothed table. John Peter Paul was interested in the mechanism of his latest toy, a railroad, complete with passenger train, and was being teased by Susan Gatherly, who kept eulogising the virtues of a certain Willie Hather, the village prig and good boy, who was about John's own age.

"Yes, Willie is going to be a credit to his mother and father, John. He is going to be a fireman," said Susan, impressively. "What are you going to be, John Peter Paul Norris?"

John looked up from his train and spoke disparagingly.

"Huh! A fireman! Is that all?" he asked, witheringly. "Oh, I'm going to be something much better than that."

"What?" asked Susan, lured into the trap.

"I'm going to be a daddy," announced John Peter Paul magnificently, going back to his railroad with the air of one who has settled a dispute of international importance.

Diana lay back and nearly choked. Maggie dissolved in silent mirth. Susan digested this piece of information slowly. The expression on her face whilst this operation was in progress sent Maggie into further convulsions.

Diana was so engrossed in the tableau that she actually jumped when a man's voice spoke in her ear.

"I say, you'll think it the most confounded cheek on my part, but perhaps you'll allow me to take that picture now, this minute, before anything happens to spoil it—I'll explain everything afterwards!" A hundred questions leaped to Diana's lips; but all she could do, thus taken by surprise, was nod dumbly, and watch fascinated while the intruder set up a camera on a tripod, and sheltered by the summer-house, direct it straight towards his unconscious "victims" in the kitchen porch. He set the lens at an angle, keen and true, intent wholly on his job; there was a sharp click, and he removed the camera, sat down and wiped his forehead with a handkerchief.

"That was a near thing," he said. "What a relief! I saw it coming across the fields and along by the stream, and only my anxiety to get that gem before anything happened to it, made me commit this unwarrantable intrusion in your garden. I offer you my humblest apologies, and I trust you will accept them."

"Oh, it is perfectly all right, you have done nothing wrong," smiled Diana, amused at his earnestness. "Are you entering for a snapshot contest? This seems to be a very important picture."

"I'd better explain," he said. "Pen-

rith is my name, Alan Penrith. I am employed by the Weldon Picture News Agency which supplies photographs of everyone and anything under the sun, not only for usual newspaper purposes but also for a new line, commercial art, it is called. Lately, we had a commission from a huge firm in London asking us to provide a photograph which would illustrate English country home life, to advertise their product. May I smoke?"

SHE nodded, and he leaned back in his chair, exhaling luxuriously. "To our surprise and chagrin nothing we have submitted so far has pleased them. My governor is nearly frantic, for he is anxious to keep this firm's business. Yesterday he sent for me and told me to go out into the English countryside and get a scene from home life—or don't come back. He meant that too, did Mr. Weldon, so you see this picture means quite a lot to me, Miss—may I know your name?"

"Stainsforth, Diana Stainsforth."

"It means more than my job, too, for you see I have invented a little addition to my camera which I hope is going to add greatly to the value of a picture. I say, do you mind me talking shop like this? This is the best piece of luck I have struck for many a day, and all unsuspected, too. The light was good, the subject clear, and the unstudied pose of all three, especially the old woman, was perfect. Am I boring you?"

"Go on," commanded Diana, "you interest me greatly!" And all unheard, somewhere among the lilac bushes, Fate laughed joyously.

NEXT MONTH: CHAPTER X.—*Evelyn.*

•••••

Ejaculation . . .

Oh, Jesus of Nazareth, whatever may be,
Make me a hero this day in Thee!
For engagements lost, sear my soul with
sorrow
To steel my will in the fight to-morrow!

E. P. DOWLING.

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Passionist Notes and News

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ENGLAND

Annual Pilgrimage at Sutton.

The Annual Novena of Masses to promote the Cause of Ven. Fr. Dominic, C.P., and for the conversion of England, took place at Sutton Monastery, St. Helen's, from 21st-29th August. On Sunday, August 29th, there was Solemn High Mass, and in the evening an outdoor procession of the Blessed Sacrament and pilgrimage to the tomb of Fr. Dominic. The special sermon was preached by V. Rev. Fr. Henry Fitzgerald, P.P., St. Teresa's, Newtown, St. Helen's. Large numbers of pilgrims from different parts of Lancashire participated in the pilgrimage, at which various civic authorities were also represented.

It is noteworthy that since the pilgrimage of last year, important steps have been taken in the Cause of Ven. Fr. Dominic, which have brought the day of his Beatification appreciably nearer. On November 4th last year his remains were solemnly exhumed in the presence of His Grace the Archbishop of Liverpool. Time had taken its toll of the body, but the skeleton was found intact. Last Pentecost there was read in the presence of the Holy Father, the decree which testified to the heroicity of the virtue practised by Fr. Dominic. Two miracles wrought through the intercession of the Servant of God, are further required before Beatification. Of the two proposed for Fr. Dominic's Cause, one has already passed the scrutiny of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. It is confidently hoped that the process for the other—which will be begun shortly—will also prove successful.

FRANCE.

Passionist Nuns arrive from Spain.

Forced to leave their convent at Deusto, near Bilbao, by the dangers of the war in Spain, seventeen Passionist nuns arrived safely at Bordeaux on Trinity Sunday, May 23rd. They received a hospitable welcome and temporary refuge at the Mother-house of the Sisters of the Holy Agony at Tondou. Later, in the month of June, some of the nuns left for Ascaïn (Basses-Pyrénées) whence they hope to re-enter Nationalist Spain. Others were sent to join the communities of cloistered Passionist Nuns at Mamers and Lucca.

ITALY.

New Sanctuary at Lucca.

We learn that work is already well-advanced upon the new sanctuary in honour of Blessed Gemma Galgani which is being erected at Lucca. Situated just outside the town, beyond the Port's Elisa, it will be the first church dedicated to the *Beata*. Of rectangular shape, it is relieved by two bell-towers, with cupolas, at either end of the building. In the centre, a triangular tympanum, bearing

the Passionist sign, surmounts the twin columns of the portico. Above the entrance is carved the simple inscription: *Qui se humiliat exaltabitur*: "he who humbles himself shall be exalted," which recalls the triumph of the humble child in whom Our Lord so wonderfully revealed the sufferings of the Passion. To complete the building, it has been necessary to demolish in great part, the old Passionist convent; but the religious have been accommodated in new cells which form part of the structure of the new sanctuary. The remains of Blessed Gemma Galgani have already been translated to a temporary resting-place in the new church; there they will rest until the completion of the church, when they will be transferred to a more fitting shrine beneath the high altar of the sanctuary.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

American Passionist is President's Chaplain.

The Very Rev. Edwin Ronan, C.P., formerly Rector of the Passionist Retreat at Detroit, has arrived at Manila, capital of the Philippine Islands to undertake the duties of chaplain to Senor Manuel L. Quezon, President of the Commonwealth. Fr. Edwin has long been a personal friend of the President, and has undertaken this charge at the direct appeal of Senor Quezon and of the Archbishop of Manila. Fr. Edwin will also act as Chaplain-General to the Army, and will conduct missions and retreats according to the Passionist method in the Philippine Islands. He is the first Passionist to undertake missionary work in this country, and according to *Il Crocifisso* (Rome) it is anticipated that other Passionists will shortly follow him thither. There are some 9,000,000 Catholics in the Philippines, but the clergy are few in number, whilst a vigorous anti-religious propaganda has caused much anxiety.

SPAIN.

More Deaths Reported.

It is still difficult to obtain authentic news relative to the fate of the many Passionist religious in Spain. A communication recently received from a Spanish Superior records the deaths of two more Passionists. One of these was a student, Confrater Thomas, who was killed on the Madrid Front on February 23rd whilst fighting under General Franco. The other was a young priest, Fr. Leonidas, who was killed at Bilbao on June 18th whilst acting as military chaplain. Regarding the fate of other members of various communities no definite news is available; we understand that those who are domiciled in Nationalist Spain are safe and sound; but as to the others who are living in regions still subject to the Valencia authorities, it is impossible to secure any tidings.

Our Question Box: : Answers to our Readers' Queries.

"Teach me goodness, discipline and knowledge."—Ps. cxviii., 66.

HEAVEN.

(1) *Does Holy Scripture anywhere give a description of Heaven? (2) Shall we know our friends and relations in Heaven?*—E. M. (Dublin).

(1) St. John gives a description of heaven under the name of the New Jerusalem. See chapters 4, 14, 21, and 22 of the *Apocalypse*. It is evident that he is depicting spiritual things under material images, which is the only way that we can know them. St. Paul says: "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love Him" (1 Cor. 2/9).

(2) Certainly. In heaven we shall know all things in God. Reunion with those we knew and loved on earth will be one of the accidental joys of heaven.

SECOND MARRIAGES.

(1) *What is the mind of the Church with regard to second marriages?*

(2) *May a widow, who is about to marry, wear white and be married at a nuptial Mass?*—"A.M.K." (Dublin).

(1) The Church does not forbid second and further marriages. Certain heretics of the fourth century, known as Montanists and Novatians, taught that second marriages were unlawful. Their teaching was condemned by the Council of Nice (325 A.D.). The Church, following the advice of St. Paul (1 Cor. VII, 8-10) teaches that chaste widowhood is more honourable than a second marriage; but she does not forbid once-married persons from contracting a second marriage on the death of their former partner.

(2) There is no legislation of the Church regarding the colour of the bride's costume. Women who have once received the solemn nuptial blessing cannot receive it a second time. Since this solemn nuptial blessing cannot be separated from the Mass, one who has already received it cannot be married a second time at a strictly so-called nuptial Mass. But if the blessing was not given at the first marriage, it may be given at the second marriage and at a nuptial Mass.

BIBLE BLESSING.

Is there something written in the Holy Bible that whosoever has it on his person will be successful?—"Inquirer" (Belfast).

There is nothing that we know of in the Holy Bible which pronounces a blessing on those who carry it about their person. There is a passage in the *Apocalypse*, chapter 1, verse 3, which reads: "Blessed is he that readeth and heareth the words of this prophecy, and keepeth those things which are written in it, for the time is at hand." Possibly, this may be the reference you are seeking. But common sense dictates that "keepeth those things which are written in it" means to observe in one's conduct what is written, not to carry the book around with one.

FREQUENT COMMUNION.

I am a frequent communicant. I often worry as to whether I am worthy to go to Communion because of many venial faults since my last confession?—K.B.S. (Dublin).

Venial faults are no hindrance to the frequent reception of Communion. The soul may be cleansed from them by an act of contrition, by devout attendance at Mass, etc. With regard to your difficulty, it may help you to know that nobody is worthy to receive Holy Communion if it were a question of intrinsic worthiness. A reading of Chapters 5-10, Book IV, of *The Imitation of Christ* will help you. The sacraments, especially Holy Communion, were instituted by Our Lord to make weak and even sinful mortals better, and to bring them nearer to Himself. Scrupulous persons must obey their confessor strictly in this matter of approaching Holy Communion.

PAST SINS.

I am very worried about my past sins. I confessed them all as well as I could, but I often wonder if I have forgotten to mention any. What should I do?—"Sinner" (Dublin).

When a person is habitually careful to examine his conscience and confesses his sins sincerely, he has no reason to worry about the validity of past confessions. God does not demand impossibilities of us. When sins are forgotten it is usually presumed to be the result of inculpable forgetfulness, unless one knows for certain that they were deliberately withheld. The examination of conscience should be made in a sincere manner. That amount of care must be exercised which men are accustomed to use in affairs of serious importance. Sins forgotten in good faith are indirectly remitted. They must be mentioned in the next confession as having been forgotten.

LAWS OF THE CHURCH.

Are Catholics bound under pain of sin to observe the laws of the Church? Or is it sinful to break only those laws which come from God Himself?—"P.B." (Cork).

Because Christ gave to His Church the power to make and execute laws, Catholics are obliged under pain of sin to keep those laws. And since the Church gives the laws to her members in the name of God, they are obliged to respect and obey them in the same way that they would were God Himself to proclaim them. Christ said: "He that heareth you, heareth Me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me; and he that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me" (Luke X, 16). All who belong to the Church are bound by her laws. Those who obey the Church, obey Christ; those who disobey her, disobey Christ, Who established the Church.

Book Reviews

METHOD OF PRAYER ACCORDING TO THE MIND OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES. Dublin: Messrs. Browne & Nolan, Ltd. Pp. 60. Price, 1s. 6d.

The anonymous author of this little book on St. Francis' method of prayer is humble enough to style herself a mere compiler. Commentator, I think, would be a more just designation. All those who have tried for a closer union with God through meditation, will have at some time or another heard of St. Francis and his *Treatise on the Love of God*. The volume under review is by way of being a commentary on the Sixth Book of that monumental work, entitled *On the Exercise of Holy Love*. The matter has been sifted and condensed into 54 small pages, and the result is a pleasing summary of the Great Saint's teaching on prayer. Extracts from his letters are used to elucidate his principles and to show their practical application in individual cases. Five pages of these extracts are given in an appendix at the end of the book. Those who have already perused the complete work itself, will find here an admirable precis to refresh the memory. Spiritual Directors and Religious will find it an epitome of all that they teach or have been taught on the subject of prayer. It is a pity, however, that the division of the subject-matter is not more pronounced and decisive, so that the plan and development might be more easily followed.

* * * *

HELPING WITH THE HARVEST. By Marie René-Bazin. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Pp. 49. Price, 1s.

Pressure of space has kept me till now from mentioning this very interesting little booklet. Do you know that there is a religious institute of women, specially founded and sanctioned by the Church, whose principal object is the helping of the souls in Purgatory, and which guides its members to personal sanctification along this way? Very few of us did. The facts are briefly these. Eugenie Smet, fostering in her heart from earliest childhood devotion to the holy souls, was finally inspired to implant it in the hearts of others. Her Institute was founded in Paris in 1856 and received the following encouragement from the Curé of Ars, who was then alive: "This is a thought of love from the heart of Jesus." To-day there are over fifty houses of the Society, including six in England and four in America. *Helping with the Harvest*, written by one of the Sisters, who is a daughter of the great French writer René-Bazin, explains the whole purpose of the institute—its inspiration, purpose, rules and method of life. The short pen-pictures of some of the

first Sisters, who are now gone to their reward, make very interesting and devotional reading.

* * * *

BONAVENTURA: A Quarterly Review. Dublin: "The Father Mathew Record." Pp. 254. Price 2s. 6d.

Three weeks ago I searched half a dozen of the principal book stores in Cork for a copy of *Bonaventura*. The answer I got in each of them was the same—"Sold out!" I was disappointed and pleased. Disappointed that my search had been fruitless but pleased that *Bonaventura* had been "heard-of" and was being bought.

This is the first number of a new quarterly review published by the Irish Capuchins under the able editorship of Father Senan, O.M.Cap. In bulk and format it is a twin brother of the already famous *Capuchin Annual*. Perhaps not so decorative, it is still far from being a mattress of drab print. The artistic tail-pieces by eminent artists, make the pages easy to look at. I hope that in future numbers these same artists will adorn the "head-pieces" or chapter-headings.

That is how *Bonaventura* looks, but it reads much better. The first thing that sent a thrill of joy through me was the number of articles written in Irish. Of the twenty-seven principal ones thirteen are in Irish, fourteen in English. This is progress in Irish literature. Too long has our national language been satisfied with a few cramped columns, for the most part unfeatured, apologetic and uninteresting. *Bonaventura* gives it equality, and the first article of this first number of this new Review is in Irish. The Irish authors contain famous names such as "CLOC LABRAIS," "AN SEABAC," SHÁN Ó CUÍV, AN T-ACHAIR MÍCEÁIL, O.M.Cap., ΔΙΝΘΟΡΙΔΑΣ Ó ΜΟΥΜΝΕΔΑΪΝ, "CORNÁ," to mention but a few. In English you have Gertrude Gaffney unveiling the mysteries of a journalist's life, while J.A.P. (who doesn't know J.A.P.) has some entertaining reminiscences on the same subject. Fr. Senan has got them all—all the famous names that mean so much in true Anglo-Irish literature to-day. ROIBEÁRO Ó PARACÁIN, Donal O'Cahill of "The Dawn" fame, imitable John Desmond Sheridan, Alice Curtayne, well-known biographer, Francis McManus, author of "Stand and Give Challenge" and "Caudle for the Proud," and of course famous Capuchins like Fr. James and Fr. Paschal.

Every page of this new Review is readable and well-worth reading. The first number has been excellent. I await future ones with keen interest and the hope that our interest will be shared by thousands of others. I toast *Bonaventura* with its own propitious name: *Bona Ventura!—Bon Voyage!*

V.S.



The Guild of St. Gabriel

A Literary Circle for Young Readers
of "The Cross."

Conducted by Francis.

RULES OF THE GUILD.

I. The Guild of St. Gabriel is a literary circle : open to boys and girls under 19 years of age.

II. The members will be expected to spread devotion to St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, by practising the virtues of purity, charity and truth, and by living lives worthy of him who is to be their model and their guide.

III. They will endeavour to bring as many new members as they can into the Guild of St. Gabriel.

GOLDEN and rich, enveloped in an autumnal loveliness all its own, comes September, and we know that the fall of the year has arrived. Misty and blue are the days, and mellow and ripe the fields with harvest beauty, while in the orchards hang the apples, russet and red, and the maturing pears are heavy on the bough. In the far uplands the breezes whisper and sigh through the slowly-fading bracken, and over the sunlit stooks in the cornfields. A purple grandeur clinging to the distant mountains allures us while everywhere signs of the advancing year are manifest. It is harvest time on earth and the reapers are busy. Many thoughts spring to the minds of those who are given to reflection, and we ponder on the greater harvest, while in our hearts we pray that when the Heavenly Reaper is passing He will look upon our souls with kindly desire and gather us in the gleaning for His Mansions above.

September brings the Feast of Our Lady of Sorrows. She was ever dear to the heart of St. Gabriel and was his inspiration and guide through life, so it behoves those of us who are his followers and imitators to show her special honour on the day of her feast. Our Lady of Sorrows, intercede for us at the throne of thy Divine Son, and ask Him to have us ever in His holy keeping.

MY POST BAG.

My post bag is not so full as usual, but it is still holiday-time, so I must not grumble. I know that next month will see all my little friends come flocking back with letters and essays by the score. With this month the school doors are opening and all our young scholars are taking up the threads of work again. I hope for a big entry for our competitions during the months to come. Our old friend, MARY PALMER, never forgets us, and during her pleasant wanderings in the heathery glens her thoughts came stealing back to us

all while she plucked a big bunch of lovely heather to send a breath of the highlands to *Francis* and the Guild. A thousand thanks to dear Mary for her kind thought. Would you believe that there was a tax on Mary's little box? Even a bunch of heather cannot be sent without coming under vigilant eyes. A charming picture of Shandwick Bay comes from PAT PALMER. Here and at Nigg Hill he and his friends bathe and find many of the joys of boyhood's happy days. Is that yourself and Mary I see, Pat, like two little pebbles on the beach? How is Martin getting on? From HUBERT BRISCOE, who is holidaying in Kilkee, comes a very nice card of remembrance. He is enjoying the scenery of Clare and the wild beauty of the sea waves beating upon the rocks. Hubert is a most faithful member and never forgets the Guild. Why do you not take out your pen and compete in our essay competition? Do write soon again, Hubert. A bright young boy, EAMONN ANDREWS, seeks admission to our happy Guild, and our welcome for him is very warm indeed. I hope he will write often and give us a long account of himself and his many doings. *Francis* is keenly interested in all of the Guilders and finds immense pleasure in reading their letters and competition papers. Judging by Eamonn's first

IMPORTANT.

- (1) Newcomers will please write a personal note to *Francis*, apart from their competition paper, asking for admission to the Guild.
- (2) A Badge of St. Gabriel will be awarded to each member who enrolls Five new members.
- (3) Put your name, address and age on the COMPETITION PAPER; enclose the Guild Coupon, and see that the correct amount of postage is paid.
- (4) Address your letters to : "*Francis*," Guild of St. Gabriel, THE CROSS, Mount Argus, Dublin.

attempt he is likely to find his name amongst the prize-winners some time in the future.

INTERESTING LETTERS.

My two little friends from Finglas, SHEILA and MARY McANDREW, are here again with the sunshine that they always carry wherever they go. Even Mount Argus felt more cheerful after their visit. They enjoyed seeing the new building and the fine views of the country and the beautiful surroundings. Sheila wishes to thank Mary Muldoon for her kindness in praying for her sister and says she will convey the news of Mary's goodness to Kitty, who is sure to appreciate it. MARY McANDREW is becoming a prolific poetess. She has been visiting the grave of holy Fr. Charles, and there found inspiration to write some verses on this saintly old priest whose Cause is so very dear to our hearts. He will bestow some great blessings on Mary yet. It was a pity she and Sheila did not peep in at *Francis* and the new office. "From my window I can see the Kyles of Bute," writes ELEANOR DARGAN, "Cowel Hills and Loch Striven, which is said to be the weather-glass of Bute. There are many places of historical interest around Bute, chiefly Rothesay Castle, which is supposed to have been erected on a primitive Irish fort." So Eleanor has been having an interesting holiday. I am glad, and I thank her sincerely for her very pretty card and lovely spray of purple heather. It makes one long for the mountains and heath-filled places. Amongst many appreciative things, JOAN McCARTHY says: "The Holy Father has several times expressed his approval of the work done by the Catholic Press, and has encouraged, even commanded, Catholics to lend it their support. But even if *The Cross* had not this particular fact to recommend it I should like it for the excellence of the Catholic fiction it provides. The series of articles now in progress on the Passion I find very interesting, and their author shows abundant skill in depicting the various scenes and in helping his readers to meditate on them. Besides these, there are every month articles on various points of Catholic interest—on doctrine, liturgy and world affairs. These are also discussed in the Editorial Notes, which are of great value in setting forth the Catholic attitude on everything, especially on current events. The Question Box is very interesting reading, for one finds there abundant information about doctrine and liturgy." And then this dear flatterer continues: "I enjoy very much writing letters to *Francis* and entering in his essay competitions, and

in return reading his letter and of the experiences of my fellow-members. In spite of its many other interesting features, I, and I am sure, many others should find *The Cross* by comparison very dull were these pages not included. Such a calamity will, I hope, never occur." We must not let it occur, Joan.

THE AWARDS.

In the competition for the best essay on "Why I like *The Cross*" the prize is awarded to JOAN McCARTHY, *Brigidine Convent, Mountrath, Laoighis*.

In the competition for the best essay on "The Joys of Blackberry Time" the prize goes to MARY McANDREW, 42 *Old Finglas Road, Glasnevin, Dublin*.

OCTOBER COMPETITIONS.

FOR MEMBERS AGED 16 TO 19—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "October and the Holy Rosary."

FOR MEMBERS AGED 13 TO 16—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "My Favourite Book, and Why?"

FOR MEMBERS UNDER 13—A Prize is offered for the best letter on "My Favourite Pastime in Winter."

SEND BEFORE SEPTEMBER 10TH.

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Reflection . . .

Peer down in those endless deeps below.
Soar, then, to the heights above,
Note how these poor thoughts tend to show
The measurelessness of His love!

Give, then, to Him with all thy heart
The little that thou hast,
And He, in time, will yield reward
For bread on waters cast!

E. P. DOWLING.

St. Gabriel's Guild

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